

THE SECRETS OF THE GERMAN WAR OFFICE

BY

Dr. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES
LATE SPY OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

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THE SECRETS OF THE GERMAN WAR OFFICE

CHAPTER I

HOW I BECAME A SECRET AGENT.

"O jerum, jerum, jerum, quâ motatio rerum."

HALF past three was heard booming from some clock tower on the twelfth day of June, 1913, when Mr. King, the Liberal representative from Somerset, was given the floor in the House of Commons. Mr. King proceeded to make a sensation.

He demanded that McKinnon Wood, the Secretary for Scotland, should reveal to the House the secrets of the strange case of Armgard Karl Graves, German spy.

A brief word of explanation may be necessary. Supposed to be serving a political sentence in a Scotch prison, I had amazed the English press and people by publicly announcing my presence in New York.

Mr. King asked if I was still undergoing imprisonment for espionage; if not, when and why I was released and whether I had been or would be deported at the end of my term of imprisonment as an undesirable alien.

Permit me to quote verbatim from the Edinburgh Scotsman of June 12, 1913:

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The SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND replied—Graves was released in December last. It would not be in accordance with precedent to state reasons for the exercise of the prerogative. I have no official knowledge of his nationality. The sentence did not include any recommendation in favour of deportation.

MR. KING—Was he released because of the state of his health?

The SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND—I believe he was in bad health, but I cannot give any other answer.

MR. KING—Were any conditions imposed at the time of his release?

The SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND—I think I have dealt with that in my answer. (Cries of "No.")

MR. KING—Can the right hon. gentleman be a little more explicit? (Laughter.) We are anxious to have the truth. Unless the right hon. gentleman can give me an explicit answer as to whether any conditions were imposed I will put down the question again. (Laughter.)

The SPEAKER intervened at this stage, and the subject dropped.

Heckling began at this point, word was quickly sent to the Speaker, and he intervened, ruling the subject closed.

Now consider the Secretary for Scotland's statement. "It would not be in accordance with precedent to state reasons for the exercise of the prerogative." In other words, high officials in England had found it advisable secretly to release me from Barlinnie Prison by using the royal prerogative. Why? Later you will know.

Also, consider the Secretary for Scotland's statement that he had no official knowledge as to my nationality—significant that, as you will realise.

There are three things which do not concern the reader: My origin, nationality and morals. There are three persons alive who know who I am. One of the three is the greatest ruler in the world. None of the three, for reasons of his own, is likely to reveal my identity.

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I detest sensationalism and wish it clearly understood that this is no studied attempt to create mystery. There is a certain dead line which no one can cross with impunity and none but a fool would attempt to. Powerful governments have found it advisable to keep silence regarding my antecedents. A case in point occurred when McKinnon Wood, Secretary for Scotland, refused in the House of Commons to give any information whatsoever about me, this after pressure had been brought to bear on him by three members of Parliament. Either the Home Secretary knew nothing about my antecedents, or his trained discretion counselled silence.

I was brought up in the traditions of a house actively engaged in the affairs of its country for hundreds of years. As an only son, I was promptly and efficiently spoiled for anything else but the station in life which should have been mine—but never has been and, now, never can be. I used to have high aspirations, but promises never kept shattered most of my ideals. The hard knocks of life have made me a fatalist, so now I shrug my shoulders. "*Che sara sara*" I have had to lead my own life and, all considered, I have enjoyed it. I have crowded into thirty nine years more sensations than fall to the lot of the average half a dozen men.

Following the custom of our house I was trained as a military cadet. This military apprenticeship was followed by three years at a famous *gymnasium*, which fitted me for one of the old classic universities of Europe. And after spending six terms there, I took my degrees in philosophy and medicine. Not a bad achievement, I take it, for a young chap before reaching his twenty second birthday. I have always been fond of study and had a special aptitude for sciences and the languages. On one occasion I acquired a fair knowledge of Singalese and Tamil in three months.

From the university I returned home. I had always been obstinate and wilful, not to say pig headed, and

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being steeped in tales of wrongs done to my house and country, and with the crass assurance of a young sprig fresh from untrammelled university life, I began to give vent to utterances that were not at all to the liking of the powers that were. Soon making myself objectionable, paying no heed to their protests, and one thing leading to another, my family found it advisable to send me into utter and complete oblivion. To them I am dead, and all said and done, I would rather have it so.

After the complete rupture of my home ties, I began some desultory globe trotting. I knocked about in out-of-the-way corners, where I observed and absorbed all sorts of things which became very useful in my subsequent career. A native, and by that I mean an inhabitant, of non-European countries always fascinated me, and I soon learned the way of disarming their suspicion and winning their confidence—a proceeding very difficult to a European. After a time I found myself in Australia and New Zealand, where I travelled extensively, and came to like both countries thoroughly. I have never been in the western part of the United States, but from what I have heard and read I imagine that the life there more closely resembles the clean, healthy, outdoor life of the Australians than any other locality.

I was just on the point of beginning extensive travels in the South Sea Islands, when the situation in South Africa became ominous. War seemed imminent, and following my usual bent of showing my nose in where I was not wanted I made tracks for this potential seat of trouble. I caught the first steamer for Cape Town, landing there a month before the outbreak of war. On horseback I made my way in easy stages up to the Rand. Here happened one of those incidents, which, although small in itself, alters the course of one's life. What took place when I rode into a small town on the Rand known as Doorn Kloof one chilly misty morning, was written in the bowl of fate.

Doorn Kloof might well be named "the hoof of

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In one of our innumerable chats that grew out of our growing intimacy, he suggested my entering the service of Germany in a political capacity. He urged that with my training and social connections I had exceptional equipment for such work. Moreover, he suggested that my service on political missions would give me the knowledge and influence necessary to check-mate the intriguers who were keeping me from my own. This was the compelling reason that made me ultimately accept his proposal to become a Secret Agent of Germany. No doubt, if the Count had lived, I would have gained my ends through his guidance and influence, but he was killed in a race, three years after our meeting on the Veldt, and I lost my best friend. By that time I was too deep in the Secret Service to pull out, although it was my intention more than once to do so. And certain promises regarding my restoration in our house were never kept.

Coming to a partial understanding with Count Reitzenstein, I began to work in his interests. The Boer War taught Germany many things about the English army and a few of these I contributed. As a physician I was allowed to go almost anywhere and no questions asked. I began to collect little inside scraps of information regarding the discipline, spirit and equipment of the British troops. I observed that many Colonial officers were outspoken in their criticisms. All these points I reported in full to Count Reitzenstein when I dressed his wound. One day he said:

"Don't forget now. After the war, I want to see you in Berlin."

In my subsequent eagerness to pump more details from the Colonial officers, I too criticised, and one day I was told Lord Kitchener wanted to see me.

"Doctor," he said curtly, when I was ushered into his tent, "you have twenty-four hours in which to leave camp——"

Whether that mandate was a result of my joining in with the Colonial officers' criticism, or because my secret activity for Count Reitzenstein had been sus-

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pected, I cannot say. But knowing the ways of the "man of Khartoum," I made haste to be out of camp within the time prescribed.

Later I learnt that the Count, being convalescent and paroled, was sent down to Cape Town. After the occupation of Pretoria, I got tired of roughing it and made my way back to Europe, finally settling in Berlin for a prolonged stay. I knew Berlin, and had a fondness for it, having spent part of my youth there in the course of my education. It has always been a habit of mine not to seem anxious about anything, so I spent several weeks idling around Berlin before looking up Count Reitzenstein. One day I called at his residence, Thiergartenstrasse 23. I found the Count on the point of leaving for the races at Hoppegarten. He was one of the crack sportsmen of Prussia and never missed a meeting. He suggested that I should go to the race course with him and while we waited for the servant to bring around his turn out, he renewed his proposals about my entering Prussian service.

"I expected you long ago," he said. "I have smoothed your way to a great extent. We are likely to meet one or two of the Service Chiefs out at the race-course this afternoon. If you like, I'll introduce you to them."

"Is there any likelihood of my being recognised?" I asked. "You know, Count, it will be impossible for me to go under my true flag."

He assured me there was not the slightest chance.

"Your identity," he explained, "need be known to but one person."

Later I was to know who this important personage was.

"Very well," I agreed, "we'll try it."

The Count always drove his own turn out, and invited me to climb up on the box. When his attention was not occupied with his reins and returning the salutes of passers by, for he was one of the most popular men in Berlin, we discussed my private affairs.

The Count showed a keen interest and sympathy in

them and his proposal began to take favourable shape in my mind. As he predicted, we met some of the Service Chiefs at the track. Indeed, almost the first persons who saluted him in the saddle paddock were Captain Zur See Von Tappken and a gentleman who was introduced to me as Herr von Riechter. The Count introduced me as Dr. von Graver, which I subsequently altered whenever the occasion arose to the English Graves. After chatting a bit, Captain von Tappken made an appointment with me at his bureau in the Koenigergratzerstrasse 70, the headquarters of the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Navy in Berlin, but made no further reference to the subject that afternoon. I noticed though that Herr von Riechter put some pointed and leading questions to me, regarding my travels, linguistic attainments, and general knowledge. He must have been satisfied, for I saw some significant glances pass between him and the Captain. The repeated exclamations of "Grossartig!" and "Colossal!" seemed to express his entire satisfaction.

Following my usual bent, I did not call at Koenigergratzerstrasse 70 as the Captain suggested. About three days passed and then I received a very courteously worded letter requesting me to call at my earliest convenience at his quarters as he had something of importance to tell me. I called.

Koenigergratzerstrasse 70 is a typical Prussian building of administration. Solid but unpretentious, it is the very embodiment of Prussian efficiency, and like all official buildings in Germany is well guarded. The doorkeeper and commissionaire, a taciturn non-commissioned officer, takes your name and whom you wish to see. He enters these later in a book, then telephones to the person required and you are either ushered up or denied admittance. When sent up, you are invariably accompanied by an orderly—it does not matter how well you are known—who does not leave you until the door has closed behind you. When you leave, there is the same procedure, and the very duration.

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of your visit is entered and checked in the doorkeeper's book.

I was admitted immediately. After passing through three anterooms containing private secretaries not in uniform, I was shown into Captain von Tappken's private office. He wore the undress ranking uniform of the Imperial Navy. This is significant, for it is characteristic of all the branches of the Prussian Service to find officers in charge. The secretaries and men of all work, however, are civilians; this for a reason. The heads of all departments are German officers, recruited from the old feudal aristocracy, loyal to a degree to the throne. They find it incompatible, notwithstanding their loyalty, to soil their hands with some of the work connected with all government duties, especially those of the Secret Service. Though planning the work, they never execute it. To be sure, there are ex-officers connected with the Secret Service, men like von Zenden, formerly an officer of the Zweite Garde Dragoner, but with some few exceptions they are usually men who have gone to smash. No active or commissioned officer does Secret Service work.

Von Tappken greeted me very tactfully. This is another typical asset of a Prussian Service officer, especially a naval man, and is quite contrary to the usual characteristics of English officials, whose brusqueness is too well and unpleasantly known.

After offering me a chair and cigars, Captain von Tappken began chatting.

"Well, Doctor," he said, "have you made up your mind to enter our Service? For a man fond of travelling and adventure, I promise you will find it tremendously interesting. I have carefully considered your equipment and experience and find that they will be of mutual benefit."

I asked him to explain what would be required of me, but he replied:

"Before my entering upon that, are you adverse to telling me if you have made up your mind to enter the Service?"

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It was a fair question, and I replied :

"Yes, provided nothing will be directly required of me that is against all ethics."

I noticed a peculiar smile crossing his features. Then, looking me straight between the eyes and using the sharp, incisive language of a German official, he declared :

"We make use of the same weapons that are used against us. We cannot afford to be squeamish. The interests at stake are too vast to let personal ethical questions stand in the way. What would be required of you in the first instance, is to gain for us information such as we seek. The means by which you gain this information will be left entirely to your own discretion. We expect results. We place our previous knowledge on the subject required, at your disposal. You will have our organisation to assist you, but you must understand that we cannot and will not be able to extricate you from any trouble in which you may become involved. Be pleased to understand this clearly. This Service is dangerous, and no official assistance or help could be given under any circumstances."

To my cost, I later found this to be the truth. So far, so good. Captain von Tappken had neglected to mention financial inducements and I put the question to him.

He replied promptly :

"That depends entirely on the service performed. In the first instance you will receive a retaining fee of 4000 marks a year. You will be allowed 10 marks a day for living expenses, whether in active service or not. For each individual piece of work undertaken you will receive a bonus, the amount of which will vary with the importance of the mission. Living expenses accruing while out on work must not exceed 40 marks a day. The amount of the bonus you are to receive for a mission will in each case be determined in advance. There is one other thing. One-third of all moneys accruing to you will be kept in trust for you at the rate of 5 per cent. interest."

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I laughed and said

"Well, Captain, I can take care of my own money"

He permitted the shadow of a smile to play around his mouth

"You may be able to," he said, "but most of our agents cannot. We have this policy for two reasons. In the first place, it gives us a definite hold upon our men. Secondly, we have found that unless we save some money for our agents, they never save any for themselves. In the event of anything happening to an agent who leaves a family or other relatives, the money is handed over to them."

I later cursed that rule, for when I was captured in England there were 30,000 marks due me at the Wilhelmstrasse and I can whistle for it now.

Captain von Tappken looked at me inquiringly, but I hesitated. It was not on account of monetary causes, but for peculiarly private reasons—the dilemma of one of our house becoming a spy. The Captain, unaware of the personal equation that was obsessing me before giving my word, evidently thought that his financial inducements were not alluring enough.

"Of course," he continued, "this scale of pay is only the beginning. As your use to us and the importance of your missions increases, so will your remuneration. That depends entirely on you."

He raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Very well," I said. "I accept."

He held out his hand. "You made up your mind quickly."

"It is my way, Captain. I take a thing or leave it."

"That's what I like, Doctor, a quick decisive mind."

That seemed to please him.

"Very well. To be of use to us, you will need a lot of technical coaching. Are you ready to start to-morrow?"

"Now, Captain."

"Very good," he said, "but to-morrow will do. Be here at ten A.M. Then give us daily as much of your time as we require."

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He called in one of his secretaries, gave his command briefly and in a few minutes the man was back with an order for 300 marks.

"This, Doctor, is your first month's living expenses. Retaining fees are paid quarterly."

As I pocketed the cheque I remarked:

"Captain, personally we are total strangers. How is it that you seem so satisfied with me?"

Again his peculiar smile was noticeable.

"That is outside our usual business procedure," he said, "I have my instructions from above and I simply act on them."

I was young then, and curious, so I asked:

"Who are those above and what are their instructions?"

No sooner had I put that question than I learned my first lesson in the Secret Service. All traces of genial friendliness vanished from von Tappken's face. It was stern and serious.

"My boy," he said slowly, "learn this from the start and learn it well. Do not ask questions. Do not talk. Think! You will soon learn that there are many unwritten laws attached to this Service."

I never forgot that. It was my first lesson in Secret Service.

II

THE MAKING OF A SECRET AGENT

THE average man or woman has only a hazy idea what European Secret Service and Espionage really means and accomplishes. Short stories and novels, written in a background of diplomacy and secret agents have given the public vague impressions about the world of spies. But this is the first real unvarnished account of the system, the class of men and women employed, the means used to obtain the desired results and the risks run by those connected with this Service. Since the days of Moses who employed spies in Canaan, to Napoleon Bonaparte who inaugurated the first thorough system of political espionage, potentates, powerful ministers and heads of departments have found it necessary to obtain early and correct information other than through the usual official channels. To gain this knowledge they have to employ persons unknown and unrecognised in official circles. A recognised official such as an ambassador or a secretary of legation, envoys, plenipotentiary and consuls, would not be able to gain the information sought, as naturally everybody is on their guard against them. Moreover, official etiquette prevents an ambassador or consul from acting in such a capacity.

In this age of rapid developments the need of quick and accurate information is even more pressing. Europe to-day is a sort of armed camp, composed of a number of nations of fairly equal strength in which the units are more or less afraid of each other. Mutual

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distrust and conflicting interests compel Germany, England, France and Russia to spend millions of money each year on armaments. Germany builds one battleship; England lays down two; France adds ten battalions to her army; Germany adds twenty. So the relative strength keeps on a fair level. But with rapid constructions, new inventions of weapons, armour, aerial craft, this apparent equality is constantly disturbed. Here also enters the personal policy and ambitions and pet schemes of the individual heads of nations and their cabinets. Because there is a constant fear of being outdistanced, every government in Europe is trying its utmost to get ahead of the other. They, hence, keep a stringent watch on each other's movements. This is possible only by an efficient system of espionage, by trained men and women, willing to run the risks attached to this sort of work.

For risks there are. I have been imprisoned twice, once in the Balkans at Belgrade, once in England. I have been attacked five times and bear the marks of the wounds to this day. Escapes I have had by the dozen. All my missions were not successes, more often failures, and the failures are often fatal. For instance:

Early in the morning of June 11, 1903, the plot which had been brewing in Serbia ended with the assassination of the king, queen, ministers and members of the royal household of Serbia. I shall not go into the undercurrent political significance of these atrocities as I had no active part in them, but I was sent down by my government later to ascertain as far as possible the prime movers in the intrigue, which pointed to Colonel Mashin and a gang of officers of the Sixth Regiment. All these regicides received Russian pay, for the Obrenovich had become dangerous to Russia, because of his flirting with Austria. Besides, his own idiotic behaviour and the flagrant indiscretions of Queen Draga had by no means endeared him to his people.

I stuck my nose into a regular hornets' nest and

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soon found myself in a most dangerous position. I was arrested by the provisional government on the order of Lieutenant Colonel Nightsch on a most flimsy charge of travelling with false passports. In those times arrests and executions were the order of the day. The old Servian proverb of "Od Roba Ikad Iz Groba Nikad" (Out of prison, yes, out of the grave, never) was fully acted upon. There were really no incriminating papers of any description upon me, but my being seen and associating with persons opposed to the provisional government was quite enough to place me before a drumhead court martial.

I was sitting in the Cafe Petit Parisien with Lieutenant Nikolevitch and Mons. Krastov, a merchant of Belgrade, when a file of soldiers in charge of an officer pulled us out of our chairs and without any further ado marched us to the Citadel. The next morning we were taken separately into a small room where three men in the uniform of colonels were seated at a small iron table. No questions were asked.

"You are found guilty of associating with revolutionary persons. You were found possessing a passport not your own. You are sentenced to be shot at sundown."

The whole thing appeared to me first as a joke, then as a bluff, but looking closely into those high-cheek boned, narrow eyed faces with the characteristically close-cropped brutal heads, the humorous aspect dwindled rapidly and I thought it about time to make a counter move. Without betraying any of my inward qualms—and believe me, I began to have some—I said quietly:

"I think you will find it advisable to inform M. Zolarevitch" (then Minister of War) "that Count Werngrode sends his regards."

I saw them looking rather curiously at each other and then the centre inquisitor fired a lot of questions at me, in answer to which I only shrugged my shoulders.

"That's all I have to say, monsieur."

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I was shoved back in my cell. About four that afternoon one of the officers came to see me.

"Your message has not been sent. My comrades were against sending it, but I am related to Zolarevitch. So if you can show me some reason, I shall take your message."

I gave him some reason. So much so that he did not lose any time getting under way. In fact, it was a very pale, perturbed officer who rushed out of my cell. I didn't worry much, but when at about 7.30 the cell door opened and two sentries with fixed bayonets and cartridge pouches entered, placed me in the centre and marched me into the courtyard, where ten more likewise equipped soldiers in charge of an officer awaited me, I felt somewhat green. I know a firing squad when I see one. I knew if my message ever reached responsible quarters, nothing could happen to me; but these were motley times and all sorts of delays may have happened to the officer.

"Right about wheel" and myself in the centre, we marched out of the courtyard to a little hill to the west of the Citadel.

An old stone building—evidently a decayed monastery, for I noticed several crumbled tombstones—was evidently selected for the place of execution. On a little rough, four-foot stone wall we halted, and the officer, pulling out a document, began reading to me a rather lengthy preamble in Servian.

Up to then not a word had been spoken. I let him finish and then politely requested him, as I was not a Serb and consequently did not understand his lingo, to translate it into a civilised language, preferably German or French. He seemed somewhat startled and gave me to understand that he was led to believe I was a Serb. I used some very forcible German and French, both of which he was able to understand, pointing out to him that someone, somewhere, made a thundering big blunder which somehow would have to be paid for. He was clearly ill at ease, but said, "I have to obey my instructions." I had told him of

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my message to the minister, and although it was quite obvious I was sparring for time he seemed in no way inclined to rush the execution. Five minutes went, ten minutes went, and looking at his watch, which showed five minutes to eight (although it was fast getting dusk, I could see that watch dial distinctly), shrugging his shoulders and saying, "I can delay no longer," he called a sergeant, who placed me with my shoulders to the wall and offered me a handkerchief. I didn't want a handkerchief. A few sharp orders and twelve Mauser tubes pointed their ugly black snouts directly at me.

I hate to tell my sensation just then. Frankly, I felt nothing clearly. The only thing I remember distinctly was that the third man in the second file held his gun in rather a slipshod manner, aiming it first at my midriff, next pointing it at my nose—which strangely enough caused me intense annoyance. How long we stood thus I don't know. The next thing I remember was a rattle of grounding arms and the sight of two other officers, excitedly gesticulating with the one in charge of the firing squad. All three presently came towards me, and one pulling out a flask of cognac with a polite bow offered me a drink. I needed it, but didn't take it. All this time I had been standing motionless with my arms folded across my breast. I heard one say to the other, "Nitchka Curacba" (no coward). If he had only known.

Indeed, had I anticipated such an experience, had I known the things I know now, I doubt if I would have been so pleased with the results of my first visit to Koenigergratzerstrasse 70, where the Intelligence Department of the German Admiralty is quartered. Will the reader step back with me in the narrative to the day of my officially joining the Service? Returning to my hotel after my interview with Captain von Tappken in his office, I began to reflect.

I had not entered the Service out of pure adventure or for monetary reasons alone. Money has and never will appeal to me as the all powerful thing in life.

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I have always had enough for creature comforts, and as for adventure I had had my fill during the Boer War and my world wanderings. No, I had joined the German Secret Service for quite a different reason. I was thinking of the influences that had pressed me out of my destined groove, by every human right my own. I remember how sanguine Count Reitzenstein was that through the Service I ought to gain the power I had lost. But as I sat in the hotel room, had occult powers been given me, I never would have taken up Secret Service work. But one is not quite as wise at twenty-four as at thirty-nine.

Well satisfied with my prospects, I arose early the next morning and walked briskly to Captain Tappken's office. Punctually at ten o'clock I announced myself at the Admiralty and after the usual procedure with the door man, I was received by Herr von Stammer, private secretary of Captain Tappken. A very astute and calculating gentleman is Herr von Stammer. Suave, genial, talkative, he has the plausible and un-studied art of extracting information without committing himself in turn. A marvellous encyclopædia of devious Secret Service facts, an ideal tutor.

When we were alone in his office, von Stammer began by saying abruptly:

"From now on, you must be entirely and absolutely at our service. You will report daily at twelve noon by telephoning a certain number. At all times you must be accessible. You will pay close attention to the following rules:

"Absolute silence in regard to your missions. No conversation with minor officials but only with the respective heads of departments or to whomever you are sent. You will make no memoranda or carry written documents. You will never discuss your affairs with any employee in the Service whom you may meet. You are not likely to meet many. It is strictly against the rules to become friendly or intimate with any agent. You must abstain from intoxicating liquors. You are not permitted to have any women associates. You will

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be known to us by a number. You will sign all your reports by that number. Always avoid telephoning, telegraphing and cabling as much as possible. In urgent cases do so, but use the cipher that will be supplied to you."

He went on to give numerous other minor details and instructions, elaborating the system, but which might prove wearisome here. I was in his office all the forenoon, and when he ushered me out I half expected to be called into von Tappken's presence to be sent on my first mission. Instead of that, I had to wait five months before I was given my first work, and an exceedingly unimportant thing it was. During those five months I was kept at a steady grind of schooling in certain things. Day after day, week after week, I was grounded in subjects that were essential to efficient Secret Service work.

Broadly, they could be divided into four classes—topography, trigonometry, naval construction and drawing. The reasons for these you will see from my missions. My tutors were all experts in the Imperial Service. A Secret Service agent sent out to investigate and report on the condition, situation, and armament of a fort like Verdun in France must be able to make correct estimates of distances, height, angles, conditions of the ground, etc. This can only be done by a man of the correct scientific training. He must have the science of topography at his finger tips, he must be able to make quick and accurate calculations using trigonometry, as well as possessing skill as a draftsman. In my mission to Port Arthur, where I had to report on the defences, I found this training invaluable.

The same applies to the subject of naval construction. Before entering the German Secret Service, I certainly knew the difference between a torpedo and a torpedo boat destroyer, but naturally could not give an accurate description of the various types of destroyers and torpedoes. My instructor in this subject was Lieutenant Captain Kurt Steffens, torpedo expert of the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Navy. After

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a month of tutelage under him, I was able to tell the various types of torpedoes, submarines, and mines, etc., in use by the principal Powers. I could even tell by the peculiar whistle it made whether the torpedo that was being discharged was a Whitehead or a Brennan.

I was also drilled in the construction of every known kind of naval gun. Dozens of model war-crafts were shown to me and explained. I saw the model of every warship in the world. For days at a time I was made to sit before charts that hung from the walls of certain rooms in the Intelligence Department and study the silhouettes of every known varying type of war-craft. I was schooled in this until I could tell at a glance what type of a battleship, cruiser, or destroyer it was, whether it was peculiar to the English, French, Russian or United States Navy. As I shall show in relating one of my missions to England, I was brushed up on the silhouette study of British warships, for I had to be able to discern and classify them at long range. The different ranking officers of the navies of the world, their uniforms, the personnel of battleships, the systems of flag signals and codes, were explained to me in detail. I was given large books in which were coloured plates of the uniforms and signal flags of every navy in the world. I had to study these until at a glance I could tell the rank and station of the officers and men of the principal navies. The same with the signal flags. I pored over those books night after night into the early hours of the morning. My regular hours for tuition were from ten to twelve in the forenoon and from two until six in the afternoon. But it was impossible to compress all the work into that time. I was anxious to get my first mission, and I presume I did a great deal of cramming.

My study was not all in Berlin. I spent most of my time there at Koenigergratzerstrasse 70 and at the Zeughaus, the great museum of the German General Staff. But there were side trips to the big government works at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen. There I was taught every detail of the mechanics of naval construction,

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and I was not pronounced equipped until I could talk intelligently about every unassembled part of a gun, torpedo tube, or mine

In the course of my five months' instruction under the various experts of the Prussian Service I had many opportunities to observe the exhaustive thoroughness and the minuteness of detail which the German General Staff possesses. I did not lose the chance of this opportunity. I really did observe and see more than was intended for me to see. Of the amazing amount of labour, time and money that has been spent to gather the information contained in the secret archives of the German General Staff, the marvellous system of war that has been perfected in the German Empire, I shall tell when I consider the secrets of the War Machine.

Naturally, I soon came to know still other things than what they taught me. I began to consider the whole proposition of Secret Service, and before relating my first important mission for Germany I shall tell you some of the general secrets of the system.

There are four systems of Secret Service in Europe, the four leading Powers each possessing one. First in systematic efficiency is the German, next comes the Russian, then the French and English. England has a very efficient service in India and her Asiatic possessions, but has only lately entered the European field. Last but not least comes the International Secret Service Bureau with headquarters in Belgium, a semi-private concern which procures reliable information for anyone who will pay for it. This service is generally entrusted with the procuring of technical details, such as the plans of a new kind of gun or data on a new and minor fortification. But sometimes Brussels undertakes other commissions. For example:

Not often does the chance come to leave the regular channels of espionage and go forth upon a mission out of the ordinary. That chance came a few years ago to the Russian agents in Brussels. In St. Petersburg the chiefs were desirous of knowing the identity and names of a group of revolutionists who had

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formed a sort of colony in Montreux, Switzerland. A French woman, known sometimes as Theresa Prevost (the last I heard of her she was in prison) was detailed to the mission. Young and clever was Theresa; likewise the man who was ordered to accompany her, posing as a "brother," Charles Prevost.

The chief of these Russian fugitives, who were down around the lake of Geneva, brewing their dark plans, was known. He was Goluckoffsky, and he had a son twenty-two years of age—an impressionable Russian son. Hence the young and pretty Theresa.

It was decided by her Brussels chiefs that she assume the rôle of an heiress from Canada. Five thousand francs for preliminary expenses were handed over to her, and with Charles, the brother, she descended upon Montreux. If you were there at the time you will recall the social triumph made by the young Canadian heiress. You may even remember that she seemed to be infatuated with the young impressionable son of old Goluckoffsky. The day long they were together. They were going to be married, and Charles Prevost, the "brother," stood in the background, chatted amiably with old Goluckoffsky and his friends and smiled.

Then, as an heiress should, Theresa and her "brother" invited Goluckoffsky, his family and friends, to a pre-nuptial luncheon. No expense was spared, for the wires had moaned with requests sent to Brussels for money. Young Goluckoffsky was delighted with his fiancée. She was insistent that *all* his friends should be there, all the revolutionaries—although of course his dear Theresa did not know that. How the spelling of their names puzzled her. With gay heart young Goluckoffsky wrote out all their names on a slip of paper so that she could send their invitations properly—the names St. Petersburg wanted to know.

Came the day of the luncheon, a gala affair in the banquet room of the hotel. Theresa looked charming; even the grimmest of the old revolutionists were taken with her. Old Goluckoffsky beamed upon this sparkling febrile woman, rich too, who was to marry his son.

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Ices had been served when Theresa, her pretty face in smiles, declared that she had a surprise for her guests. To her it was the day of days. What better than a group photograph of her dear and new friends? How she would treasure it! Strangely enough this did not please the guests. Photographs were dangerous. Suppose, in some way, the *Okrana* got hold of them. They breathed easier, though, when Theresa, calling in the photographer—the best in Lausanne, she assured them—instructed him to deliver all copies to Mr. Goluckoffsky, her dear father-in-law to be. So the revolutionists grouped themselves on the hotel lawn, the photographer pressed the bulb, and everybody laughed.

As quickly as the photographer could print his proofs they were delivered to Theresa, that night she and her "brother" left Montreux. In two days the names of all the revolutionists in young Goluckoffsky's handwriting and their pictures were delivered to the chief in Brussels. A substantial fee was paid Theresa, besides, and she must have smiled, some of those young Russians are delightful.

So much for an example of the clever work done by Brussels. The German Service, in which I served on and off for twelve years, has three distinct branches—the Army, Navy and Personal, each branch having its own chief and its own corps of men and women agents. The Army and Navy division is controlled by the General Staff of Berlin (*Grosser General Stab*), the most marvellous organisation in the world. The Political and Personal branch is controlled from the *Wilhelmstrasse*, the German Foreign Office, the Emperor in person or his immediate Privy Councillor. The Army and Navy divisions confine themselves to the procuring of hidden and secret information as regards armaments, plans, discoveries, etc. The Political branch concerns itself with the supervision of meetings between potentates, cabinet ministers and so forth. The Personal branch, under the direct control of the Privy Councillor, is used by the Emperor

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for his own special purposes, and service in this branch is the plum of the service.

The Personal consists of all classes of men and women. Princes and counts, lawyers and doctors, actors and actresses, mondaines of the great world, demi-mondaines of the half world, waiters and porters, *all are made use of as occasion arises.* It may well happen that your interesting acquaintance in the salon of an express steamer or your charming companion in the tea-room of the Ritz is the paid agent of some government. Great singers, dancers and artists, especially of Russian and Austrian origin, are often spies. Notably a charming Russian dancer, famous for light feet and nimble wit, said wit being retained by the Russian government at 50,000 rubles per annum. When Madame travels in Germany, she has the honour of a very unostentatious bodyguard, the government being anxious that nothing should happen to *them*. Perhaps she may remember a little incident at the Palais de Danse in Berlin.

Or perhaps she will recall a little episode in the Eis Arena in Berlin during a certain New Year's Eve carnival when the restoration—not the loss—of her magnificent gold chatelaine bag caused her much embarrassment, the chatelaine in question being dexterously commandeered by an expert in such matters of the Secret Service squad.

It happened that the Personal Branch of the German Secret Service was exceedingly interested in that gold bag. Madame had been carrying on an affair with a young ordnance officer of the Potsdam garrison. Now the Service does not like to see officers, especially those of the ordnance, becoming involved with ladies like the danseuse. On this particular night he had presented her with the new bag and she had been injudicious enough to have kept in the golden receptacle a dangerously compromising letter that he had enclosed. Injudicious, dear lady! Corsage or stockings, Madame; but vanity bags—never!

I have reason to believe that the following incident

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cost the danseuse a rather remunerative engagement in Berlin

Celebrating the coming of the New Year, Madame and her party were feasting in the Ice Arena. I happened to be at a near by table, and saw everything, as well as later hearing the inside of it.

The gold chatelaine lay on the table at her elbow. Upon observing its position, the waiter—a secret agent on the case—deliberately tipped over a champagne glass that stood within a few inches of the bag. Of course, Madame was worried lest the wine run over on her gown, and while thus preoccupied, the waiter, stammering apologies, mopped up the tablecloth with his serviette—mopped up the wine and cleverly covering the bag folded it in the napkin and hurried away. In two minutes he had opened it, abstracted the letter from the young ordnance officer, and was back apologising to the lady.

"Your pardon, Madame," he said, handing her the gold chatelaine. "In my haste I picked up this bag by mistake. I suppose it is yours."

With a slight start she said "Yes," took the bag and hurriedly opening it felt for the letter. To her dismay it was gone. I saw her eyes narrow a little and then I marvelled at the cleverness of the woman.

"No," she suddenly said, "that is not my bag. I never saw it before. I advise you to find the owner."

Clever lady! You sacrificed the costly gift, but you went over the frontier just the same.

The necessary qualifications of an agent vary of course with the class of work to be done. We can dismiss the waiter and porter class, as they never receive independent commands and work only under direct supervision on minor details without knowing why. The trusted agent handling important matters and documents must needs be a person of intelligence, tact and address. He must be a linguist and, above all, a man of resource and a close student of his fellow-men. In the woman agent charm and tact, beauty and manners, *à la grande dame*, knowledge of the world and

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men are essential. The pay varies, but is always good. Expenses are never questioned, the money being no object. For instance, I spent on a mission through the Riviera 20,000 marks in fourteen days. My fixed salary towards the end was 10,000 marks a year, besides twenty marks a day living expenses when not at work, which was automatically tripled irrespective of expenses when out on work. Besides, there is a bonus set out for each piece of work, the amount of which varies with the importance of the case in hand. I received as much as 30,000 marks for a single mission performed successfully.

The risks are great, so are the rewards—if successful. If not, then one pays the usual price of failures, in this case only more so. For in the event of disaster no official help or protection could or would be granted, and quarter is neither asked nor given. The work is interesting and fascinating to those of an adventurous turn of mind and not over nervous about their health or squeamish in regard to established ethics. I would not suggest the Secret Service as a means of livelihood for a nervous person. At times it is arduous and strenuous work and mostly undertaken by men and women who fear neither man nor devil. It is not compatible with longevity. As a rule, the constant strain of being on the *qui vive*, playing a lone hand against the most powerful influences often unknown, having one's plans upset at the last moment and continually pitting one's own brain against some of the acutest and shrewdest minds of the world, the knowledge that the slightest blunder means loss of liberty, often of life, is wearing, to say the least.

I have known men and women, courageous to a degree, who have broken down under the strain; sooner or later one is bound to succumb. I have known of a dozen men and women who have mysteriously disappeared, "dropped out of sight," caught or killed—not always by their opponents.

To cite but two cases, one of a woman, the other of a man,

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Olga Bruder was a spy. She worked for Germany and for the Service Bureau in Brussels. A few years ago it was announced in the European newspapers that a woman known as Olga Bruder had committed suicide in a hotel at Memel on the Russian border. Fraulein Bruder had been sent after the plans of a Russian fort. In Berlin they learned that she had obtained them but becoming involved in a love affair with a Russian officer was holding them out planning to restore them to him. Also contrary to the Service regulations she knew four foreign agents well. Later reports from Danzig revealed the fact that she had become enamoured with a sectional chief of the Russian Service and that she was about to give up everything to him. So Olga Bruder committed suicide. *She was poisoned.*

As for Lieutenant von Zastrov an ex army officer in the German Secret Service he was killed in a duel. Zastrov was suspected of flirting with Russian agents—only suspected. He knew too much to be imprisoned. He was a civilian and under the German law entitled to a public hearing. Had he still been a military man a secret tribunal would have been possible but being the scion of an old aristocratic house and knowing official secrets it was not wise to put him in against the regular machinery of elimination. So Zastrov was challenged to a duel. He killed the first man the Service chiefs sent against him yet no sooner was that duel over than he was challenged again. In half an hour Zastrov was dead.

Yes your own employers often think it advisable at times to eliminate a too clever or knowing member of their Service unless that same member has procured for himself a solid good life insurance in the nature of documentary evidence of such character that to needle him with him brings danger of disclosure. Of late there have been no attempts on my life.

III

INTO THE EAST

RECLINING in my deck chair on the N.D.L. liner *Bayern*, bound for Singapore, I was smoking a pipe and idly speculating. I had cultivated the acquaintance of my table neighbour, a Japanese, Baron Huraki, and was at the moment expecting him to come up the companionway and take his place in his deck chair beside me. Instead came two officers of the Second Siberian Rifles, strolling along the deck. It was obvious that, although it still lacked three hours of noon, these gentlemen had been quite frequently to the shrine of Bacchus. I had no fault to find with that, as long as they did not interfere with my own personal comfort. When they began tacking along, talking at the top of their voices on that part of the deck known by experienced travellers to be reserved for repose and reading, however, they began to irritate me. When one of them threw himself into the Baron's chair and displayed that beastly annoying habit of continually wriggling and creaking the chair, meanwhile shouting to his companion at the top of his lungs, I lost all patience. It only needed Baron Huraki's appearance and quiet request for the evacuation of his deck chair, and the insolent stare and non-compliance of the Russian, to make me chip in with:

"Damn it, sir! You don't own the whole world yet."

I went on in terse military German which eighty per cent. of all Russian officers know, and the trend

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of which is never misunderstood. I pointed out that any further encroaching would be resented in a most drastic and sudden manner. The usual farcical exchange of cards, permitting all sorts of bluffs, does not impress a Russian, but the imminent chance of blows from fists does. A pair of astonished bulging eyes, a muttered apology and quietness reigned.

With a mild smile Baron Huraki dropped into his chair, but I did not like the expression in his eyes. Knowing the prowess of the Baron as an exponent of his national system of self-defence (I had seen him harmlessly toss about the biggest sailor on the *Bayern*, the chief butcher, who was as strong as an ox) I said:

"It's a wonder to me, Baron, that you didn't throw that boor half way across the deck."

I shall never forget his answer:

"We of the Samurai never fight when there is nothing behind it. It is not the time."

I did not like the expression in his eyes.

All this transpired because I was on the road to Singapore, away from Berlin, on my first important mission in the German Secret Service. The Intelligence Department had instructed me to ascertain the extent of the new docks and fortifications in course of completion in the Straits Settlements—an assignment calling for exact topographical data, photographs and plans.

Leaving port, I had found the *Bayern* comfortably crowded. In the East war clouds were gathering, and among the passengers were a number of Japanese called home, as I afterwards learned for the impending struggle. At Port Said we had taken on a Russian contingent, quite a few of whom were officers bound for Port Arthur, Dalny and Vladivostock and in view of the gathering conflict I found the relative conduct and bearing of representatives of these races that were soon to clash vastly interesting.

And after my experience with the Russians I was to know more. From that time on, I began to notice a subtle change in Baron Huraki's attitude toward me.

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Quite of his own accord he discussed with me the customs ideals and aspirations of his caste and country. Wrapped in a Shuai kimono, his gift to me, we spent many hot and otherwise tedious nights, sprawled in our deck chairs, discussing unreservedly the questions of the East. What I learned then and the insight I got into the aims and character of Nippon, were invaluable to me. Baron Huraki, now high in the services of the Mikado, is, I hope, my friend still. Once a year he sends me *Shuraino-Ariki*, a wonderful spray of cherry blossoms, the Japanese symbol of rejuvenating friendship.

A Secret Service agent, although making no friends or acquaintances, always makes it his business to converse with and study his fellow travellers. Following my usual habit, I went out of my way to cultivate the acquaintance of the Japanese, particularly Huraki. A scholar of no mean attainments was the Baron.

Quietly, without being didactic, he upheld his end in most discussions on applied sciences or philosophic arguments, putting forth his deep knowledge in an unobtrusive way. I found this trait to be an invariable rule with most of the Japanese with whom I came in contact. Once or twice during our lengthy and pleasant chats I tried to veer the subject round to the all-engrossing Eastern question, only to be met with the maddening bland smile of the East. I was rather inexperienced in the fathomless, undefinable ways of the Orient, but on the *Bayern* I learned rapidly the truths that Western methods and strategy are absolutely useless against the impenetrable stoicism of an Asiatic, and that only personal regard and obligation on their part will produce results. In striking contrast to the Japanese, small and sinewy, any two of them weighing no more than one Russian, quiet, taciturn, genial and abstemious, were the children of the "Little White Father." The Russians were an aggressive, big, well-set-up, heavy type of men, by no means teetotallers, talkative, with overbearing swagger, always posing, talking contemptuously about the possible struggle in

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the East, invariably referring to the Japanese as "little monkey men." Fortunate for me was it that the *Bayern* was carrying both Russians and Japanese, the knowledge I acquired from Baron Huraki of the Asiatics was invaluable in Singapore, what I learned of Russians, I needed at Port Arthur. But I am anticipating my narrative.

Arriving in Singapore, I put up at the Hotel de la Paix on the Marine Parade. I posed as an ordinary tourist with a leaning toward hunting and a fad of doing research work in tropical botany. I gradually became acquainted with a number of English officers and was introduced at their clubs. The information obtained through these channels about the new naval base was merely theoretical and I soon found that to obtain practical results I would have to get in touch with the native clerks. In the English Eastern possessions, you see, most clerical and minor mechanical positions are held by natives. It soon was brought home to me, though, that this cultivating natives was by no means easy and a rather dangerous thing to do. To be in any way successful, I had to find a native of a higher caste, one with sufficient influence to command the clerks. If I could get hold of one of the innumerable discontented petty Rajabs, for instance, there might be a chance of obtaining what I sought.

In one of the clubs, I found a clue. A young Rajah—one of the numerous coterie of petty princes—fair play compels me to withhold his name—had got himself into some trouble and the paternal government had promptly suspended his income. Here was my chance. I soon ascertained the young Rajah's haunts and made it my business to frequent them. One day I found him on the veranda of the Marine Hotel and asked him for a match, making a return compliment of a cigarette. This was a procedure against established British social usage in the East, where it is considered *infra dig* to meet a native on a social footing. Herein lies a grave danger to English Colonial policy. Your semi-European educated native, having partly absorbed

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in the facial characteristics of the Oriental, it was not difficult to pick out the Japanese from the mass of Coolies. They fairly swarmed in Port Arthur right under the very noses of the Russians. As Baron Huraki had told me during our passage on the *Bayern*, his countrymen were actually employed in the building of the Port Arthur defences! These Japanese were later able to give invaluable information in directing the Japanese batteries. Numerous other alleged Coolies were acting as servants to Russian officers. I also found that on the Lioa Teah Shan Railway and at Pidgeon Bay the very porters were Japanese. In fact, the entire Russian stronghold was infested with them.

This carelessness, lack of knowledge or suspicion, with a total lack of belief on the part of the Russian officers that the "little monkey men" would ever dare attack, is in my opinion the chief cause of the comparatively quick fall of Port Arthur. For even with the incompleting defences the place was tremendously strong. Everywhere I could see the most elaborate plans incomplete. For instance, as I wandered through the hills seeking my botanical specimens, I found that the chain of forts on the hills of the Quang Tong peninsula, south and west of Dalny, were totally unfinished and that the Kuan Ling section of the Port Arthur and Dalny railway was not even adequately protected from capture by a hostile force.

The lack of adequate supervision and the general slovenliness prevailing made it easy for me to go about unchallenged. I mixed freely with officers and men. The expenditure of a few rubles on *vodka*, in the case of the men, and the never-rejected invitation on the part of most officers to join in a jamboree, made me a very popular figure indeed. Through them I learned that the provisions of Port Arthur were in a most deplorable state. To use but one instance: Out of 1,420,000 pounds of flour, nearly one-half had gone sour, which caused part of the enormous amount of sickness even then prevailing in the Port Arthur garrison. During the war forty-five per cent. of the

troops were incapacitated because of unsanitary food. I found 500,000 pounds of maize were wormy and over 700 000 pounds of corned beef were putrid. Women and wine, however, abounded.

Never in any place—and I know all the gayest and fastest places on earth—have I seen, comparatively speaking, such an enormous amount of wine in stock, or such a number of demi-mondaines assembled. Most of the officers had private harems. I often sat in the Casino and watched the officers of the First Tomsk Regiment, the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Siberian Rifles, practising with their newly supplied Mauser pistols on tables loaded with bottles containing the most costly vintage wines and cognacs. At such times the place literally ran ankle-deep in wine. There were over sixty gambling houses and dancing halls supporting more than a thousand *filles de joie*. In fact, the general intemperance was such that on the night of Admiral Togo's attack more than half the complement of the Russian fleet was ashore, dead-drunk, in honour of one of the tutelary Russian saints.

The harbour defences comprising submarine mines and searchlight stations, etc., I found to be in the worst condition. In pottering around, I visited many of the switchboard stations controlling the submarine mine fields. Everywhere the eye met evidences of defective work—rusty contacts, open insulations and exposed connections. There were carelessly exposed buoys betraying to the naked eye supposedly invisible submarine mines. The whole mine field was so badly laid that the Japanese were subsequently able to drag and explode three out of every five mines. This explains the astounding fact that during Admiral Togo's five dashes, some of them lasting thirty-six hours, all that he lost from torpedoes and mines was one ship, the *Hatsuse* which struck a floating mine.

I did a great deal of investigating the composition and geological formation of the ground surrounding Port Arthur. I found most of the ground consisting of loose layers of lava scoria. The comparative easy

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capture of the otherwise immensely strong 203 Metre Hill did not surprise me. The texture of the ground, besides having a deadening effect on shell fire, made the approach to the forts by means of parallels surprisingly easy. The Japanese, by the way, also knew this peculiarity of the ground and used it to great advantage in their advances. I also found the forts on 174 and 131 Metre Hills as well as the north fort of East Rekwan in an incompleated state. The commander of the forts, General Smyrnoff, was using strenuous efforts to complete the work, but dissensions with General Kron-drachinko, the commander of the general defences, rendered most of his suggestions of no avail. The vast sums of money which the Russian central government appropriated for the fortification of Port Arthur, honestly used, would have made the place completely impregnable. It is not too much to say—and this will be borne out by any trained observer and student of the conditions then existing in and around Port Arthur—that sixty per cent. of the money for defence purposes disappeared mysteriously.

All the Russian officers, however, were not grafters and drunken libertines. Among them I did find men of alert and earnest character who were quite aware of the frightful conditions existing, but who were so used to them right through Russia that they viewed things with true Slavonic composure. I even found the searchlight stations back on the hills to be in a deplorable state. Indeed, on the night of Togo's second attack on Port Arthur the power plant was out of order and the searchlights which should have flooded the harbour with light were dark. The plant was subsequently repaired under enormous difficulties and cost, but of no avail. Coolie spies had procured the exact location of the power house and searchlight stations and thus aided, the Japanese gunners riddled them with shell. A great deal has been said about the wonderful marksmanship of the Japanese, but for the most part it was due to data on exact distances and locations, furnished by their spies.

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Although the officers were a careless, thoughtless lot, I found that the personnel of the garrison contained, on the whole a good type of Russian soldier. They were not brilliant but faithful and obedient. A Russian regiment is never routed. They stand and are killed, being too stolid to run. I found most of the officers of Port Arthur to be brilliant, dashing men of the world, personally of high animal courage, but self indulgence, neglect, disbelief in hostilities and underestimation of their foe undermined them.

Among the high officials at Port Arthur, Colonel Reiss, Commander of the Ordnance Service, stood out alone. He was the only officer, not excepting General Stoessel himself, who seemed to realise the gravity of the whole situation. In long chats which I had with him, he more than hinted at the lamentable state of his ammunition. Once I asked him why these conditions were not changed and he said

"The Little Father (the Czar) is far away,"—he shrugged expressively.

Officers told me that tons and tons of ammunition bags did not contain full weight. Whole ammunition trucks had only a double layer of powder bags on top, the rest containing sand bags to be used only for bastions, and escarpments, the money flowing into the pockets of the army contractors. I met General Stoessel at the Casino twice, and neither time did he impress me as a military genius. A soldier of the Buller type, he was bluff, hearty, courageous and stupid. His florid, bearded face, thick set figure and his deep guttural growls reminded me of a Boer *Dopper*.

Among all the Russians I met at Port Arthur, the most interesting figure was to me the great battle painter Verestshagin. I am proud to be able to say that he once called me "friend." I happened to be of some assistance to him in alleviating an attack of malaria. Thus, with a similar taste in the arts and literature, soon put us on a friendly and intimate footing. I have met many men of letters, artists and statesmen, but never one who impressed me so much.

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with the profundity of his learning and thought as did Verestshagin, and I am not easily impressed.

One night we were sitting on the Casino veranda overlooking the wonderful Harbour of Port Arthur. It was one of those quiet, balmy, semi-tropical nights for which this part of the world is famous, one of those crystal, clear, soundless nights, and the silhouettes of Russia's grim silent battle monsters riding at anchor were sharply outlined on the moonlit waters of the bay. We were smoking our pipes, having just finished a long chat about the history of these regions—the old Manchu and Tartar dynasties, how far they had influenced and still influence the history of the world, the *Volker-Wanderung*—of the Huns, the Goths, and Vandals—a subject on which Verestshagin disclosed a deep store of knowledge.

As the night was far advanced, I suggested that I had probably trespassed long enough on his kindness and hospitality. He turned around in his chair and placing his hand on my shoulder said in his soft deep voice: .

"No, Doctor Cannitz, you are doing me a service instead. I am restless to-night. I have a curious presentiment that before long these lovely hills will hear the roar of guns in earnest." Dreamily speaking as if to himself he continued, "And Russia will lose . . . but I shall not see it." Abruptly he looked up, sat erect in his chair and shook himself as if throwing off something that oppressed him.

"Do you believe in premonition, Doctor? I know I shall find my death here soon."

An indescribable shuddery sensation seemed to pass over me. I am by no means sentimental or easily moved, nor am I unduly superstitious; but I have encountered one or two things in the course of my life which cannot be explained by rule and line. Throwing off my sudden strange mood, I told Verestshagin that his morbid fancies were due to his still feverish condition, and the depressing effect of over-doses of sulphate of quinine. He rose and smiled, and said:

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"Of course you are right, Doctor"

Before parting, he gave me a little sketch of Port Arthur which I have still. I keep it as a treasured memento of one of the few really good men I have met, and one of the few from whom I had been able to part without harming.

Verestshagin's premonition was fulfilled. He died—a hero's death going down with Admiral Makaroff on the flagship of the Russian squadron six weeks later.

I remained at Port Arthur for another five weeks, and exactly seven days before Togo's first night attack I received a cable from my government. It was in cipher, of course, and I was ordered to leave Port Arthur immediately and make my way home as there was danger of my being bottled up at any minute. It is significant that in the Intelligence Department at Berlin they knew an attack was imminent, although they did not know it at Port Arthur. Furthermore, Russian securities dropped eighteen points on the New York Stock Exchange hours before the official knowledge of the attack came through. This information leaked out through the German Embassy in Washington. Seven days after I left Togo made the torpedo attack in which he sank the *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan* and *Palada*.

Before I took the steamer back to Europe I went to Kiou Chau, the German colony in China, and filed a long report by cipher cable. Six months later I had the satisfaction of having a talk with numerous officers of the German General Staff and of receiving compliments on the correctness of my observations, reports and predictions.

Later I learned the reasons why I had been sent to Port Arthur. Germany desired to ascertain the exact relative strength of the Port Arthur defences and Russian positions in the Far East for the following reasons:

Since the time of Napoleon the Great the only Power on the Continent which Germany has feared

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and has always been loath openly to quarrel with, is Russia. Through the setback she received in the Far East in 1905, her influence steadily decreased in the Balkans, and the recent fiasco of Russian machinations during the Balkan war has made her become a secondary factor for decades to come. Germany, through her keen Intelligence Department, foresaw the result of the Russo-Japanese conflict, and immediately set about to undermine and destroy Russian influence south of the Austrian border.

By Russia's defeat in the East, the balance of the power was completely shifted. It gave Germany and Austria the desired opportunities and a free hand in the Balkans and Turkey. Had Germany through her Intelligence Department found Russia invulnerable in the East, the map of the Balkans would have to be painted in different colours—as you will see.

IV

AT THE SUBLIME PORTE

I WAS back in Berlin from my mission to the Far East on March 10, 1905. The next four months were rather commonplace—odd little commissions of no particular interest or importance.

On July the 5th, however, there came a hurried summons from Captain von Tappken for me to report at Koenigergratzerstrasse 70. I lost no time in getting around, nor did I have to wait to be ushered up. I was shown direct to the Captain's office and as he received me, I noticed that he was in a rather excited frame of mind.

"Verdammt! Doctor! I am going to lose you. I am requested by the Wilhelmstrasse to hand you over to them. Very annoying. I do not like to lose you from our branch here. But we must obey."

I expressed my regrets.

"Doctor, you are bettering yourself. It is seldom that they over there take any notice of us over here, or request the services of any of my men. But your work has attracted some attention. I shall request that your services are not entirely lost to this department. Herr Stammer will take you over. Good bye and good luck!"

He gave me a hearty handshake and my connection with the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Navy came to an end. Stammer and I hailed a taxi and drove to the Wilhelmstrasse, where the doorkeeper put me through an official ceremony similar to the

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procedure of Koenigergratzerstrasse 70. Stammer gave the commissionaire his card and we were shown into a chamber and bidden to wait. I was frankly curious about what was in store for me, but I knew better by now than to ask questions. Presently there entered a tall, thin, iron-gray gentleman, the very type of a Prussian bureaucrat. Walking with quick nervous steps to his desk, he acknowledged our bows with a curt nod and turning to Stammer he said:

"Well, Stammer?"

"This is Dr. Graves, your Excellency."

"Ah, yes. Sehr schön. Convey my thanks to Captain Tappken, Stammer."

Stammer then bowing himself out, I was asked to step into an anteroom. There a secretary took me in hand and informed me that the tall, thin, iron-gray gentleman was Graf Botho von Wedel, Wirklicher Geheimrat—(Acting Privy Councillor to the German Emperor).

So—Count Wedel. H'm! Although this was the first time I had seen the Count, I had heard a great deal about him. The Emperor's Privy Councillor and right hand was the head of the political sections of the Secret Service. This promised to be interesting. I wondered what the likely upshot would be, but I was interrupted in my soliloquy by a summons to re-enter the Count's chamber.

I was shown to a seat. Graf Wedel looked me over carefully and minutely for a considerable length of time with a frank stare of appraisal.

"How old are you, Doctor?"

I must confess my extreme youth always made this question one of secret annoyance.

"Twenty-five, your Excellency."

"Very young, very young." He stared at me again and after a pause said:

"Yet the reports about your work are satisfactory and show discretion and intelligence above your years."

I bowed in acknowledgment.

"You will from now on," he said, "become attached

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to this section of the Service. You will be trusted with some very grave and important matters. You will receive your orders and instructions only from me. You will report only to me direct. On no account will you see any subordinate or any person, no matter what his official status, without my expressed permission. *Verstehen sie?* "

"Yes, sir."

"For funds," he continued, "you will apply to my secretary. Of your expenses you will furnish a monthly account. How soon can you be ready to go on a mission?"

I told him in two hours.

"Good!" he exclaimed, "the sooner the better. This is what I want you to do. You will go at once to Constantinople and find out which of the court officials are in French and Russian pay. You will find out the favourites of the high officials and officers, especially the nationality of these women. I will not give you any points of introduction. They might lead you to be suspected. They are a crafty lot down there. Be careful and take your time. You know nothing can be done in a hurry down in that country."—he paused as if waiting for questions from me. We discussed a few minor points then he said:

"Your official number with us from now on will be 1734. You will always use 17 to sign personal cipher messages sent to me. You will use 34 in signing official reports and communications."

The necessary arrangements for my preliminary expenses were discussed with one of his secretaries and I then went back to my quarters to think over a plan of campaign and prepare myself for the mission. The transfer from Captain Tappken's department pleased me for I knew that at the Wilhelmstrasse I would be in closer touch with the bigger affairs of diplomacy. Tappken had hinted at my finding favour with the Wilhelmstrasse and I guessed that coming on top of my Port Arthur success a delicate private mission was responsible for it. To cite the case

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Germany keeps a watch on all her officers. When one of them is spending more money than his income, he is promptly investigated. I recalled how they had sent me to the Spandau Garrison to inquire into the affairs of an officer who was too lavish with his money to suit the Intelligence Department. He was an ordnance officer in a small arms factory at Spandau and it was the natural conclusion that he was obtaining this extra money by selling state secrets.

I encountered, however, an entirely different situation. I learned that he was absolutely innocent on that score but that he was receiving money from a certain princess who had become infatuated with him. She was of a very high house, and I realised that her name could not be mentioned in a report to Captain Tappken. This situation required delicate treatment. I solved the dilemma by reporting to Tappken that the ordnance officer was *guiltless of any act of treason against his country*. I then made a private report, covering the intimate facts, which went direct to officials of higher responsibility. The princess's name did not appear as far as subordinates were concerned, and the whole affair was hushed up. My fortunate discretion in this matter undoubtedly strengthened my standing with the Wilhelmstrasse.

By this time I had installed myself in quiet quarters on the Mittelstrasse, and Kim, who had been transformed from a Zulu boy into an efficient manservant, looked after my comforts. To secure myself from the questions of prying neighbours, I had caused it to be known that I was a retired South African planter with poor health. This was the most likely explanation for my curious mode of living and my sudden periodical disappearances, for I was away from the Mittelstrasse for months at a time. Presumably I was travelling about to the different watering places on the Continent for my health.

My mission to Constantinople called for some considerable thought in selecting the most advisable character to impersonate. A tourist came first to

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mind. A tourist was out of the question, because tourists do not stay long in one place and I expected to be three or four months in Turkey. There was nothing to study in Constantinople. I thought of a student in botany, the role I had used at Port Arthur. But that would not do. The idea of a merchant came to me, but I dismissed the idea of a prosperous merchant, for it would necessitate making business connections, a careful and slow process, the fulfilment of which would consume entirely too much time. I finally decided to travel as a physician, or to use the Turkish word a *Hakim*. A *Hakim* is always accorded respect, even reverence, by Turks and Arabs. This character determined upon, I went to the telephone and requested the Service Intelligence Department to give me letters of introduction to the German Hospital and the Pera Hospital in Constantinople. They were sent to me signed by the authorities of the Chantee in Berlin and described that I was going to study tropical and Asiatic diseases and requested the hospitals to give me every facility for research work. I bade Kim pack a case of medical instruments and told him to have everything in readiness to leave Berlin that night on the Orient Express. He was necessary to my plans and was to accompany me. A messenger from Wedel brought a few final verbal instructions, some funds and sealed instructions. I was bidden to keep away from all official German intercourse in Constantinople. Wedel might have saved himself the trouble of that word of caution, for I knew enough of the subtle Oriental mind to keep away from anything that would raise the slightest suspicion in regard to my identity. If I pride myself on anything it is a knowledge of Eastern character. With the instructions were 1000 marks cash and a draft for 5000 marks on the Ottoman Bank of Constantinople that had been deposited in my name.

It may strike the reader as curious that I took Kim with me but I knew he could be of tremendous use to me in Constantinople. In addition to speaking his

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Kafir dialects, he knew Arabic. Any negro boy who could speak Arabic could learn almost anything in Constantinople, which abounds in black men of all tribes and nationalities. Among the servants of every household, Kim would find many compatriots from whom he could get information impossible for any European to obtain.

After an uneventful trip to Constantinople, I took preliminary quarters in the Brasserie Kor, a quiet, second-rate hostelry on the Rue Osmanly. I went to an unpretentious place to avoid attracting any particular attention. Had I put up at an expensive hotel there would immediately have been queries about me. Who is this stranger? He seems to have money. If it isn't his money, whose money is he spending? It is not well to invite a Turk's suspicion. As I was totally unacquainted with Constantinople, I used the first week in getting familiar with the geography of the city. It was necessary to learn the location of the various legations and the residences of high court officials. The next week I found lodgings in the very centre of the district of court residences and began to seek out the haunts and places of rendezvous of demi-mondaines, favourites and hangers-on of the Turkish officials. On the second day of my arrival, I had presented my credentials and letters at the German and Pera Hospitals, and had my name entered as a visiting honorary surgeon. Every day thereafter, rain or shine, I made it a point to spend some time at these hospitals, and it was well that I did. Once a day and often twice I would sign the book at the hospital, and I believe that the signature Dr. Franz von Graves appears on the record books of the Pera and German Hospitals in Constantinople at least one hundred times. Was I not fulfilling my duties as a physician doing research work?

I finally located myself in the residential district of Pera, where I rented a small residence, typical of the well-to-do Turk of the middle class and quite in keeping with my assumed character. An elaborate residence would have aroused immediate suspicion, for there is

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no country on earth where curiosity and suspicion is so easily roused as in Turkey. Kipling, who knows the East so well, portrayed Port Said as the dwelling place of concentrated wickedness. He is right, but I do not think he has ever visited Stamboul. In Stamboul there is with no exception the most conglomerate mixture of nondescript nationalities on the face of the earth. Not only are all nationalities represented but breeds of men that defy all pathological research, hideous in their conglomerate intermixtures. If an Albanian bandit, himself a mixture of Greek and Nubian mulatto, has issue by an Arab woman with French blood—find the genealogy. Can you imagine a more difficult field of operations for an Occidental and a stranger?

In the course of my preliminary observations, I found Constantinople to be a city of sharp contrasts. The quarters inhabited by your true Ottoman are characteristically clean and comfortable. The remainder of the city, except foreign quarters, is intolerably dirty. With true Oriental tolerance, the Turk lets things gang their ain gait. The casual observer and traveller always confounds the Turk with the rest of the nondescript mass of humanity that swarms in Constantinople. That is a crass mistake. Your true descendant of Osman is a clean, dignified, easy going gentleman with a deep philosophical strain in his make up, contaminated by hundreds of years of contact—not association, for your true Turk does not associate—with the outcast Mischling of southern Europe and Asia Minor.

My mission was indeed a difficult one and only by tedious, painstaking work, observing the life of the city and its character, I succeeded in isolating the individual who gave me the key to the circumventuous political life and the government of Constantinople. It took me a full month of night work to become familiar with the innumerable *demi mondaines*. They were of French, Russian and Circassian birth and extraction, and were identified respectively with the various Turkish court officials from the Grand Vizier down to an officer in the infantry. This preliminary

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work is always exhausting, but it is so necessary on a mission of this kind. One blunder, one step in the dark, and you are gone. One spends months without any tangible results, often going on the wrong track. One has to be excruciatingly circumspect in one's inquiries. To use a hunter's expression, there is no quarry so wary, sharp-sighted and keen at smelling the wind as a political demi-mondaine.

In this work Kim was of inestimable value to me. In fact, without him I would not have succeeded at all. All the households kept by the Turkish officials and their favourites swarmed with negroes of the various types. A white man has not the slightest chance of finding the way into their confidences. The universal golden key does not unloose tongues in such cases in the Orient. But Kim as a member of the once mighty Zulu nation (he was really a descendant of a prince of the house of Dingaan) was able, through a mysterious free masonry, still existing among coloured races the world over, to obtain most valuable information.

My method of campaign was to ascertain the name of one of the favourites of the Turkish officials, to locate her residence and then put Kim to work. Finally locating one of these women, I would manage to learn her name and where she lived. Then it was time for Kim.

"Kim," I said, "I want you to find out who comes to see her, whether it is always the same official, and if so, how frequently. I want you to learn everything you can about any letters she may receive. I want to know just where she gets her money from, if she has any outside sources of revenue, other than in Constantinople. I want every scrap of any kind of information about her."

And Kim would go his way, seek out the servants in that household, and he would generally come back with all this information.

Now I noticed that a certain Mlle. Balmiaux was very much in the company of Abdulla who was at that time the influential adviser of the Grand Vizier. It was

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known in Berlin that the Grand Vizier had lately become very deaf and antagonistic to German influence. The Wilhelmstrasse knew that France and Russia were at work, but were in the dark as to the channels. Therefore I sent Kim to ascertain if Mlle Balniaux was visited by Abdulla at her private residence. I told him to learn the exact hour of arrival in each instance and the length of the visits. The bare fact that Abdulla might be seen in her company in public bore no particular significance. These women are always accompanied by a whole retinue of officers and young Turkish noblemen. It is part of their work. Their method of procedure is to bewitch young officers and officials, attach them to their person, make them spend huge sums of money and then play their card. I noticed that the money Turkish officers squandered on these women compared to their pay and income was tremendous. They think nothing of going ahead blindly and buying the most expensive jewels, I have seen them even buy motor-cars. The result is not difficult to forecast. The young officer soon finds himself head over heels in debt. Two courses are open to him. Either he must pay the debt or be transferred to some dreary interior post, and a Turk who has been in the gay life of Constantinople would rather commit suicide than go to any inland garrison. Those women then pay the debts, exacting state secrets as the price of their timely assistance.

Abdulla, therefore, might only be one of these hangers on. Kim established connections with Mlle Balniaux's household and soon I had the required information. He brought me letters and scraps of paper that Mlle Balniaux's dark skinned servants had stolen for him. He supplemented this by conversations that the servants had overheard and told to Kim. All this showed me that more by good luck I had stumbled upon the hotbed of the prime mover of the whole intrigue, Mlle Balniaux. There was not the slightest hope of intimidating or buying over this particular lady's allegiance. I had to learn exactly who was subsidising

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her machinations, and there was no possibility of obtaining the clue from her.

I must find the accessible person among her intimate friends. From time to time I had seen her with a pretty slim little dark-haired girl who danced in the Folies Arabes. I learned her name was Cecelia Coursan. I began to frequent the Folies, a kind of cabaret crowded every night with Turkish officers. Admiration was no longer a delight to her and she accepted it with a wooden smile.

The Folies is quite dissimilar from its European or American prototypes, by reason of its Oriental atmosphere. Most of the year round it is conducted in the open. Picture a large court, the centre of which is covered with a priceless Smyrna carpet. Seated around on little divans and silk cushions are the principal native performers, Neulah girls wearing the teasing Yashmak, covering half their faces although the rest of their figures are visible through gauzy Damascene shawls. The European performers, dressed in the latest and most startling Paris creations, flirt and flitter among the audience—seated around on dainty marble-topped bamboo tables, inhaling, in the case of Madame, a dainty "Regie," or if Bey or Effendi, a Tshibuk or Narghile, gravely drawing on the amber mouthpiece and slowly exhaling the perfumed smoke. The gorgeous officers' uniforms, mostly a vivid red, blue and gold; the picturesque flowing robes and burnouses, with here and there a six-foot stalwart silk-trousered Albanian with gold and silver inlaid daggers and pistols thrust in his sash, make a picture reminding one of the Sheherezade.

Observing that everybody was bent on spoiling this popular little houri by emphatic admiration, I made myself conspicuous by a peculiarly British stony indifference. Nor was I wrong in my tactics. The piqued little dancer was not to be ignored.

One night she approached my table and challenged me in French, at which I gave a non-committal smile. I pretended that I did not know French. Then she tried

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indifferent German and I looked at her with puzzled blankness. Finally she spoke to me in a piquant English and I answered. She spoke English extremely well and it developed that she had been a coryphee at the London Empire. I let the acquaintance grow leisurely. One night I found her in a fit of despondency, over a quarrel with her friend, Mlle Balmiaux. My subterfuge getting effective, I was just beginning to ply her with questions when a Turkish officer full of cognac wandered by and dropped a remark to her in French. It went against the grain for those swine to cast innuendoes to a white woman, and forgetting my play acting, I told him his comments were uncalled for and advised him to draw in his horns a bit. After a little bluster to which I angrily replied in French, he disappeared, and, as I sat down at the table, Cecelia was looking at me with a queer smile.

"I thought you did not understand French," she said. "I observe you have a pretty good Parisian accent." Then the full significance of my blunder came to me and I felt like the classic capricornus, meaning goat. She said she was tired of the Folies that night and suggested a drive. I called a careta and as we were driving down the boulevard I said to her:

"Is this existence always pleasant? Is it not as 'it was with that officer, often unendurable?'"

She replied in a bantering tone, only half hiding a hurt undernote:

"I'm getting used to it," she said. "A Turkish pig is no worse than an English cad or a German boor."

The typical, philandering Broadway or Bond Street masher makes the physiological mistake of undervaluing the innate sense of decency inherent in every woman. Gentle courtesy and manners impress a courtesan by reason of the novelty. The inverse is often useful in dealing with a pampered society woman.

Much to the annoyance of the Turkish officers, I often thereafter took the pretty Cecelia away from the Folies after her performance for a drive, and I began

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to compare her small confidences with certain bits of information that Kim had given me. I knew, or I could pretty well guess, that she was not staying in Constantinople, enduring the insults of those Turkish officers, simply for the money she could earn as a dancer. Then I made my second dramatic play for confidence. I suddenly stopped going to the Folies. I suppose it was rather lonesome in Constantinople and a man who was not a Turk was a novelty.

One afternoon she sent for me and I was confronted with a human situation which I must in this narrative of Secret Service operations treat as impersonal though it is full of pathetic implications. I found her with her luggage packed.

"Why haven't you come to the Folies lately?" she demanded with a pretty air of bossing the situation.

I told her my work at the hospital had made heavy inroads upon my time.

"Oh!" she began, tapping a little boot impatiently on the floor; after a pause, "I have to leave for Paris. . . . Well?"

"That is most unfortunate."

"Is that all?"

"To say anything more would only be painful, *ma chère Cecelia*."

"But there is no need of our being blue. Why not make the occasion a happy one? Why not come along to Paris?"

She looked up at me with an impudent little smile.

"My dear little girl," I said, "I am no man of means and I cannot go gadding about Europe. Besides, I have my work here. I will be busy at the hospital for another month."

That seemed to displease her. She looked at me carefully, unconsciously her manner changed. She became somewhat appraising. It seemed as though a different woman was speaking.

"Franz," she said, "a man like you is wasting his time pottering around a hospital with your evident knowledge of the world and people. With your educa-

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tion and travels you ought to be very valuable to certain men back in Paris "

I felt what was coming, but I asked her to explain. She did so, and from her I received a tentative offer to enter the French Secret Service. I had difficulty in mastering the muscles of my face to keep from betraying the laughter that was almost ready to break out. Very gravely I asked her to tell me more about Secret Service. Proudly, Cecelia showed me letters that she had received from Paris. From the addresses and the signatures I thus learned the individuals in direct control of the system that was undermining German influence by using demi-mondaines such as Mlle. Balmaux. I gathered that Cecelia Coursan was only a go-between for Mlle. Balmaux in making her reports to the French government. I asked her some more questions, explaining that her proposal interested me tremendously.

I pretended to be particularly anxious as to what pay I would receive were I to come to an understanding with "her friend in Paris." She assured me it was liberal and urged me to hasten to Paris. I told her that as soon as I finished my work at the hospitals I would do so. She then asked me to take charge of her mail and to forward any letters that might come for her. I did—to the Wilhelmstrasse.

That incident is one of those in my Secret Service work of which I am not entirely proud. Of course from my viewpoint Cecelia Coursan was not a woman, she was simply the paid agent of another government and it was a case of her wits against mine, at least with this sophistry I quieted my doubts.

Three years later I found the same little woman in an obscure cafe in Antwerp. She was no longer in the French Service. I concluded that her blunder in Constantinople had "broken" her, for she seemed to have gone down the ladder. She did not recognise me, but as she seemed to be in straitened circumstances, I found a way to assist her to at least three months' board and lodging by sending her anonymous 500 francs. It was conscience money.

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When I had thus located and coupled up the chiefs of the French Secret Service with the situation in Constantinople, I began quietly to cultivate the acquaintance of the average Turkish officer. I had to learn the tendency of his thoughts. I met officers and merchants, administrators and students. From them all I learned that they were sick of the intrigues and wire-pulling of the harems. I learned of the discontent of the Young Turk party. I gathered that the time was ripe for an overturning of the government. In my report I made a correct forecast of the trend of affairs. I drew attention to Enver Bey who was even then considered clever, even dangerous, by the Grand Vizier. As a most aggressive Young Turk, they had sent him to an obscure post in Macedonia, but upon sounding out the younger officers I found that he was still regarded highly. Without doubt my reports, in addition to the reports made by von der Goltz, the accredited German instructor of the Turkish Army, helped to shape the policy of the German Foreign Office. I learned beyond all doubt that the Sultan Abdul Hamid was nothing but a figure-head, that the Grand Vizier, bought by Russian and French gold, was running the government in a way that was antagonistic to German influences, and that the swarms of demi-mondaines in French and Russian pay were corrupting the higher Turkish officials to their cause. All these things I included in my report and after four months I was back in Berlin.

To better understand the diplomatic significance of this mission, I shall recast the political situation. The modern German policy in the European Orient, inaugurated by Bismarck as a defence and check against Russia, has always been keen on the friendship and goodwill of the Turk, for reasons which will be obvious enough later. During the Caprivi Chancellorship, the relation between the two empires became rather lax. Wilhelm II with his keen far-sightedness set about to remedy this. In his usual spectacular, but in most cases efficient, manner, he went with his

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royal concert in state to Palestine, calling first on the Sultan. The tremendously enthusiastic reception that the Moslem countries accorded him is a matter of contemporary history. This was really a master stroke of diplomacy although sharply criticised at the time.

Until the Kaiser's visit, France, with more or less right, considered herself protector general of all Mohammedans. From now on this began to change. The immediate result of the Emperor's visit was a close understanding between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Sublime Porte. The buying of vast quantities of guns, ammunition, and the influx of Prussian officers and drilling instructions, besides huge orders of all sorts of German goods, was significant.

The always uneasy jealousy of France and Russia was at once aroused, England, in this instance, not taking any decided stand in affairs. England had spent many lives and much money, notably in the Crimean War, to keep Russia out of Turkey and was averse from encouraging Russo-French influences at the Sublime Porte. How far England would like either Germany or France to acquire control of the Dardanelles remains to be seen. With Russia, it has been bloody wars and grim struggles since the days of Catherine, misnamed the Great, to gain control of the Dardanelles. Unceasing intrigues have been and are still going on in Stamboul. Russia's influence has been steadily undermined by Germany, in Turkey and Asia Minor. Since the disastrous campaign against Japan, Russia has made strenuous efforts to recoup her sphere of influence through her coalition of the principal Balkan States. Of this you will learn later.

Germany, always including Austria (the external policy of both countries on all these questions is synonymous), found French-Russian influences at work. Through their marvellous efficient Intelligence System, Germany soon learned who were the prime movers and puppets, in this instance the Grand Vizier and the Seraglio officers, the then sultan, Abdul Hamid, "The Damned," being completely cowed and under

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the thumb of his Grand Vizier, could not be relied on for a moment. After my mission they knew in Germany that the time was ripe for a radical change, and they engineered it. Result: A revolution and the Young Turks in power, with Enver Bey, Teufick Pasha, Ibrahim Mander Bey and similar men, with German training and learning, directing affairs. Germany regained complete sway and is to-day easily the most powerful influence in Turkey. What significance this has on the general bearing of European politics, I shall discuss in a later chapter.

M

THE GRAND DUKE'S LETTER

AFTER a number of more or less strenuous missions, I felt thoroughly run down. During the Boer War I had been shot through the left lung and now I began to experience trouble. A series of hemorrhages, brought about by unchecked cold and exoosure, led me to consult Professor Bayer, the noted specialist in Berlin. He advised me to get away from everything for a month at least, recommending the pine ozone.

There is no lack of pine forests in Germany or Norway; and I had plenty of acquaintances in both countries. To any one of them I would have been welcome, but this would have entailed social obligations and I wanted to be absolutely alone. There were but two of my friends at whose places I could do exactly as I wished, where man and beast knew me. One whose place was in the Puszta, Hungary, was probably away on a hunting trip and Hungary was too remote. The other, a schoolmate of mine, lived near Furstenwalde, about fifty-eight kilometres from Berlin. Furstenwalde, I decided, was an ideal spot, near Berlin, yet isolated enough and in the heart of one of the largest of the well-cared-for Prussian domain forests. So Ehrenkrug, the seat of the *Koenigliche Ober Forsterei* and the family seat of the *Freiherren von Ehrenkrug*, was the place I selected.

I had enjoyed three weeks of rest and quietness, doing some desultory fishing and shooting, but spending most of my time in a hammock slung under some of

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the giant Fichten, when my sylvan idyll was disturbed by the red-faced, snub-nosed post boy of the Forsterei.

He brought me a letter from Graf Wedel, an astonishing missive.

"DEAR GRAVES,—I hope your health has improved sufficiently for you to attend to this matter. Be pleased to understand that this is by no means an official command. However, I need not point out to you the advantages accruing to you through your assistance in the case. The matter briefly is this. I have been approached by the Grand Duke of — to assist him in the solving of a rather delicate private affair. It is outside the usual routine, but we find it advisable to comply. The mission is delicate and leads into England, for which reasons I have decided to let you undertake the affair if willing. In case of acceptance, all necessary leave of absence will be arranged. This is not a command but let me again point out the advisability of your showing compliance.

Truly yours,

"V. WEDEL."

Three weeks in the pine forests had been better than all the physicians in Berlin. Besides, I was tired of the monotonous country life and was hungry for the fleshpots of Egypt. Between the lines of Wedel's letter I could read the opportunities for earning a handsome fee. I wrote Wedel that I had no objections, providing the mission was something I could accomplish, for I was still in the dark as to its nature. I knew that intruding into the private affairs of ducal and princely houses is often a most unthankful business. I have ever found it more satisfactory and less nerve racking to undertake a mission into some foreign country than to become involved with some petty local affair of royalty. For some such affair I judged to be the dilemma of the house of —.

Within two days there came another communication from Wedel asking me to be at — on a certain

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immediate day Taking leave of my friends, and thanking them for their hospitality, I left for the ducal capital Upon my arrival at the seat of the dukedom I was met by a quiet landau of the Grand Ducal stables Two flunkies in the Grand Duke's livery took my luggage, escorted me to the carriage, and I was driven up to the old castle The landau took me to a side entrance, and I was promptly shown into an austere and unpretentious chamber Scarcely had I entered when a quiet, elderly, benevolent looking gentleman dressed in a shooting jacket appeared in another doorway, evidently much perturbed I at once recognised him as the old Grand Duke of — He appraised me for fully a minute, then as if to himself he said

"You're only a boy, but I suppose they know " shaking his great gray head "Strange times Strange times" Then suddenly realising his inhospitality he urged me to be seated "Take a seat, take a seat"

Unlike the gentlemen of the Wilhelmstrasse he did not plunge immediately into the subject at hand He began a chat with me about purely personal affairs Finally, the conversation drifting around to the cause of my visit, he said

"Can you fulfil this mission?"

I told him I could not say until I had learned what it was I requested that he give me the privilege of refusal should I find myself unable to negotiate it successfully He agreed that it was fair and when he looked at me again he seemed to suggest that he did not believe me so young after all

"There's rather an unhappy and most inconvenient entanglement in my household" he began "My nephew, the young Grand Duke is tangled up and ensnared with a certain lady in England whom he wishes to marry It is unfortunate that she is of too high a social status to be entirely ignored or roughly bought off Still she is not eligible for admission into our house For more than political reasons, it

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is impossible for her to enter into an alliance with us." His eyes flashed. "This lady has lately threatened to make trouble through my persistent refusal to countenance her desired relationship." He frowned. "She has in her possession compromising letters and documents which my nephew was foolish enough to give her. These must be returned to my hands. Monetary questions need not be considered for a moment. Pressure and influence has been tried on both my nephew and the lady. But of no avail. The means I leave to you. But force and publicity must at all cost be avoided. I can give you very little help as to procedure and information. What do you think of the chances?"

It has ever been my way to be conservative in making promises, and I said:

"I hope your Highness will pardon me, but I find it often undesirable to voice my thoughts until I have reached a certain stage of my investigations."

This appeared to impress him, and he rose saying:

"I am entirely in your hands. Communicate direct with my chamberlain, or if necessary to use cable, I shall arrange with your chief in Berlin for forwarding facilities. Be good enough to wait and I shall send you my secretary." Slapping me on the shoulder, "You'll not regret it, helping us out of this quandary."

Neither did I. The Grand Duke stalked out. A flunkey appeared and conducted me to a private little dining-room where cold game and wine was served, at the end of which the secretary came in and handed me an envelope with the Grand Duke's compliments and a request to start at once on my mission. Assuring him I would be on the road that same night, I returned to Berlin. I got Stammer of the Wilhelmstrasse on the telephone and requested a preliminary two months' leave of absence. I then caught the Hook of Holland Express en route for London.

Upon opening the Grand Duke's letter, I had found it contained three bank-notes of 1000 marks each and a draft of 500 pounds on an English Joint Stock

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Bank, with a note saying that any future request would be honoured at three days' notice to the same bank. Thus I would have all the money I wanted in London.

On the way over, I followed my usual custom and considered the situation in detail. The lady in question was in society, and the first thing to do was to try to get in touch with the little circle or clique in which she moved. This might have been difficult in any other city but London. But a man of appearance, culture, and money, setting his stage right, can with tact and persistence force an entry into any clique of London society.

The only thing I had to worry about was a setting of my stage. I was undecided about it. One often has to leave things to circumstances, being guided by any momentary points that may arise. My first task was to create an impression, something that would get people talking about me. I did not want to appear as a mere sensational parvenu. London is not impressed by that. Rather, I must become known for some eccentricity that would arouse legitimate curiosity. Your Britisher, the women included, is always interested in a man of travel, a hunter, a desultory globe trotter, and nothing attracts the English mind so quickly as a well bred eccentricity in manner or habit. The broad lines of my plan determined upon. I left the precise setting of the stage until the last minute.

I quartered myself at first at the Russell Square Hotel in a few days transferring to the patrician Langham. I began by making tentative inquiries. I purchased all society papers which I read from cover to cover, and then carefully feeling my way put further questions that would locate the set in which my lady was a central figure. From acquaintances I made around the hotel from the society reporters of newspapers, I began to get little scraps of information. Fortunately it was the season in London and everybody was coming into town. I soon knew who the

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lady's intimates were and their favourite rendezvous. The next step was to become familiar with the personality of the lady and to gain some idea as to her habits, her likes and dislikes. I heard that the lady was in the habit of going horseback riding in Hyde Park. Every day I made it my business to take a two-hour canter along the bridle path. My patience was rewarded on the fifth morning, for I saw her galloping by with a party of friends. The next morning I was on the bridle path at the same hour. Finally she came galloping along with the same group, and after they had almost gone from sight, I galloped after them. I found out where they kept their horses and after they had dismounted I sauntered up to the stable and made inquiries. I learned that they always went out at the same time of day. Thereafter I made it my business to pass the lady on the bridle path day after day. I pride myself on few things, but my horsemanship is one of them. Many a hard tussle and bleeding nose I got riding Brumbies across the wild tracks of Australia. I also learned a trick or two among my Tuareg friends which I exhibited for the lady's benefit on various occasions. I did not hope to gain an introduction, but only to attract attention and familiarise her party with my appearance, applying one of the test points of human psychology. I employed the theory of the subconscious attraction of an often-seen, though unknown face.

I soon ascertained that my lady and her friends followed all the whims of London society. One in particular interested me. They were in the habit of frequenting the Savoy Hotel between three and four every afternoon and eating strawberries. I also went to eat strawberries.

The Savoy during the strawberry season is an exquisitely coloured fashion plate of life's butterflies and drones. This throng of fashion and beauty, marked with its air of distinction carelessly abandoned to pleasure, ever murmuring pleasant nothings and tossing light persiflage from table to table, is truly an interesting

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study of the lighter sides of life. One sits on a magnificent marquee covered, glass enclosed terrace, overlooking the Thames with its ever changing scenes of fussy tugs and squat barges.

At the Savoy one pays well for the subtleties of eating. By courteous consideration of the waiters I managed to secure a much coveted outside corner table, near to the one reserved for the lady and her party. I always made it a point to withhold my entrance until the lady was in the terrace, then I would stroll in alone, take a seat alone, and show a desire to be alone. They have a very clever way of serving strawberries at this hotel. A plant growing from ten to twelve large luscious berries is brought in on a silver pot. It is the acme of luxury. You pick the fresh berries from the plant on your table, the hotel supplies quantities of cream, and you pay half a sovereign for a dish of strawberries. One dish is enough for the average customer. Every afternoon I ordered five!

Day after day I consumed in strawberries two sovereigns and a half of the Grand Duke's money, always tipping a half sovereign which made my daily strawberry bill come up to three sovereigns. For about ten days I did this always at the same time always being careful to make my entrance after the lady's party was seated always ordering the same number of portions always giving the same tip. It wasn't long before I began to be observed. I soon saw that not only the attendants but the visitors of the terrace were becoming interested in my foible. One day as I passed I heard someone say

"Here comes the strawberry fiend."

I was satisfied. I knew it would be easy now to effect an entrance to the lady's set. I had been marked as something out of the usual in the restaurant which from three to four in the afternoon at that time of the year is the most fashionable in London. Now, a woman like my lady does not flirt. If you glance at her under favourable conditions, such as my strawberry

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"stunt" had created for me, she will return the glance. You both half smile and do not look at each other again that afternoon. That is not flirting. Splitting hairs, we shall call it psychic interest.

I continued my strawberry festival and one day a manager of the hotel told me that people were making inquiries about me. Several men had wanted to know who I was. Under questioning, he told me that one of the men was a member of the lady's set. It was easy to put together two and two. Obviously the inquiry had been inspired by her.

Meanwhile I had sent several communications to the Grand Duke, insisting that pressure be brought to bear upon his nephew and to keep him away from London; not even permitting him, under penalty of stopping his allowance, to write the lady in the case until the Grand Duke gave his permission. By now, London had gradually filled and the season was at its height. I went the rounds of the theatres from the Gaiety to the Court, and I visited the clubs. I found here men whom I had met previously, and presently I rounded up two or three fellows with whom I had been fairly intimate at one time or another on hunting expeditions and at continental watering places. I made them introduce me to different sets. Dexterous manœuvring obtained me invitations to afternoon teas and at-homes in the same circle frequented by my lady.

I was introduced to her at an afternoon reception. She was a typical outdoor Englishwoman. Not particularly handsome, but possessing to the full the clearness of skin and eyes and strong virile health that is the heritage of Albion's daughters. Tall, willowy and strong, of free and independent manners and habits, she was the direct antithesis of the usual German woman. I reasoned that this was probably the reason of the young Duke's infatuation.

"How do you do, you wild Colonial boy. Still as fond of strawberries as ever?"

We both burst out laughing.

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Whenever the occasion arose, I made it my business to tip the maid liberally. I contrived to do a number of little things for her. Knowing the lady to be out, I called at the house one day and while pretending to be waiting for my hostess, I put some leading questions to the maid. I learned that her mistress was pressed for money. That was an opening worth working on.

Thereafter I contrived to be present whenever there was a bridge party at the lady's. They are pretty high gamblers, those English society women, and I came to see that the lady was generally a heavy loser. It was my good fortune for her to lose to me one night. Now, it is the custom at these gatherings not to hand over cash; instead, the unlucky one pays with what corresponds to an "on demand note." I took her note that night and from the maid learned the whereabouts of others which I indirectly purchased from the holders. I took all these to a notorious moneylender and made a deal with him. He was to take the notes and press the lady for payment, of course keeping my name out of it. It is obvious that, trying as I was to win her confidence, I could not go myself and hold these obligations over her head. That same day the moneylender paid the lady a call. He paid her a good many other calls, harassing her, threatening legal action and driving her until she was almost in a state of nervous collapse. Well-placed sympathies soon made her talk and she burst out pettishly that she was in debt and that most of her acquaintances were in debt—nothing unusual in that set.

This was an opportune chance to be of material benefit to the lady. Seriously we talked over her affairs. I found them pretty well entangled. We discussed the young Grand Duke. I gradually persuaded her that there was no hope of a legitimate marriage with the house of the Duchy, but because of her association with the young Grand Duke and the fact that she had been betrothed to him, it was only right that the Duchy should provide her with some means of assistance. The ice was perilously thin, for the lady was

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a high spirited woman of ideals and I had to be careful to word my language so that it would not appear as though she were blackmailing. In justice to her, I believe that if she had taken that view of it she would have dropped the entire matter, and retired from society for the season rather than go through with my plan. Finally I said

"Have you any means by which you could compel the ducal house to make adequate acknowledgments and redress to you?"

After a long hesitation, she jumped up, swept from the room and returned presently with a handful of letters. I saw on some of them the Grand Duke's coat of arms. The young fool had been careless enough for that! She shook the letters in a temper and cried

"I wonder what the Grand Duke would say to these? Why, I could compel him to marry me."

Here was the chance. The iron—in this case my lady's temper—was hot. I suggested that we sit down and talk it over. As an introductory attack, to create the impression that I knew what I was talking about, I hinted that I was connected with a leading family in Germany and that I was in London *incog*. I approached the situation from the viewpoint that I was her friend, not a friend of the house of —, but that, by knowing them and their ways, I could be of great assistance to her.

"It is regrettable," I consoled, "but you have no chance of a legitimate, even a morganatic alliance with the young Grand Duke. I consider their entire attitude toward you utterly unfair. In view of your understanding with him, you are most certainly entitled to adequate recompense from his house. If you went into court you could obtain this on grounds of breach of promise, but I can understand your feelings. Such a step would only cast odium upon an old and noble family such as yours."

That seemed to her liking.

"But what can I do?" she said.

"In view of my friendship for you," I told her, "I

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would consider it an honour if you would permit me to act on your behalf. I think I can negotiate with the young Grand Duke's uncle, and I promise that he will regard the matter in a fair light. I appreciate the extreme delicacy of the situation and you must observe the necessity of a man handling this affair."

She shook her head and tapped the letters nervously. "No. It is intolerable," she said. "Not to be thought of."

I saw that I had to make it stronger. I thereupon invented the most ingenious lies it has ever been given me to tell. In about five minutes I had painted the young Grand Duke in such colours that the adventures of Don Juan were saintly compared to the escapades of his ducal highness.

"Why, consider it yourself," I said. "He was to be over here with you during the season. He has not come. You told me yourself that he has not even answered your letters. Well, that's all there is to it. Your ladyship, he and his house deserve any punishment that you can visit upon them."

The idea of punishment appealed where the other had failed. The outraged pride of woman, especially an Englishwoman, is a terrible thing. Soon after that I made haste to take my leave. At my quarters I wrote two letters to myself and signed the Grand Duke's name to them. In these I offered to pay her ladyship's debts. They were addressed to me, and after allowing a reasonable time to elapse, I again went out to Mayfair and read them to her. She was now cold and hard and gave me full permission to go ahead and make any arrangements I deemed advisable. I thereupon went to the Grand Duke's bank in London and notified them that I must have £15,000. In four days I had the money. The rest of the transaction was commonplace. She handed over all the letters and documents and I gave her the £15,000. I know to-day that her ladyship travels extensively in a very comfortable manner on the yearly appanage allowed her by the old Grand Duke. I do not know whether

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she still goes to the Savoy Hotel to eat strawberries, but I flatter myself that her present good fortune is partially due to the fact that she once went there.

At the time of closing our little transaction, she took the precaution to protect adequately and seal all letters and documents from my perusal. Of course, that was a disappointment. I put the packet away carefully, closed up my affairs in London and went back to Germany, going direct to —, where I delivered the package to the old Grand Duke in person. He seized it eagerly and opened it in my presence. I noticed as he ran through the letters that he did not stop even to glance at them. He did, however, stop and pick out from the pile an official looking document, at the sight of which a tremendous sigh of relief seemed to escape him. The document had a decided close resemblance to a marriage licence as issued in Switzerland. Of course I only got a fleeting, cursory glance at it, but the eagerness of the Grand Duke in pouncing upon that one document and ignoring the letters, and hints previously dropped by her ladyship, embellished by rumours I later heard in Switzerland, all leave very little doubt in my mind that a clandestine marriage did actually take place between this lady of the English nobility and the young Grand Duke.

His Royal Highness must have been satisfied, for besides a fee of 5000 marks, I received a few days later through Wedel a diamond pin and a magnificent gold watch and chain inscribed with the Grand Ducal arms inscribed

"For services performed faithfully to my house"

VI

THE INTRIGUE AT MONTE CARLO

BACK in Berlin from a mission to Vienna, my dispatches delivered, once more comfortably ensconced in my quarters, on the Mittelstrasse, I was looking forward to an evening at the Pavillon Mascotte. I was just getting into my dinner coat when my man bowed an orderly through the door and at once all my plans took swift flight out the window. The orderly brought a command for my immediate attendance at the Wilhelmstrasse. Now the gentlemen of the Wilhelmstrasse are never kept waiting and do not accept excuses. Within twenty minutes I was shown into the chambers of Count von Wedel; in thirty minutes I was out again, having complete orders. They know what they want at the Wilhelmstrasse and they generally get it.

As I hurried back to my rooms I went over what von Wedel had said:

"You are to be ready to take the midnight express to Monte Carlo. You will there keep watch on and report any possible meeting between the Russian, French and English ministers, at present travelling about the Riviera. You will have the assistance, if necessary, of the Countess Chechany. If you need her, send her this card" (he had given me the card with his signature across it, a reproduction of which is presented on these pages). "If meetings or conferences take place, you must obtain the tenor thereof. Here is an order for your primary expenses." He

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had flicked an order for 3000 marks, about £150, across his desk "Anything you wish elucidated?"

Not having met the Countess, I had requested her description. Pushing a button, Count von Wedel had given the answering secretary an order, within three minutes I was shown the photograph of the lady and



Udo von Wedell

Wirklicher Geheimrath

For Secret Service purposes Count Wedell signs himself Udo in case his agent is captured with a card on him

her signature, of which I took a copy. Having no further requests I had bowed myself out.

My first act was to cash the order, second to decide

Udo v. Wedell

The back of Wedell's card

and prepare the character I wished to assume in Monte Carlo. I decided on a South African mine owner. I know considerable about mining, being well acquainted with South Africa, the Rand and Transvaal, I had the advantage of knowing my locality first. A Secret Service agent is always careful to choose a character with which he is fully familiar. One is certain to meet, sooner or later, men in the same walk of life,

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and unless one be well primed, one is bound to be "bowled out." I knew there would be South African mining men at Monte Carlo.

Procuring necessary papers, such as mining journals, quotations, a couple of South African newspapers and photographs. I went home and had my man carefully select and pack my wardrobe. I caught the midnight Lloyd Express. Selecting a pleasant middle compartment, and getting my seat registered, I made myself comfortable and began to map out a campaign. This was rather a tough problem. To be in the slightest degree successful, I had to get near, and if possible in touch with the ministers that Count von Wedel had designated. How was this to be done? I knew it was far from easy, almost impossible, to make their casual acquaintance.

I began to cast the personality of the three men over in my mind. There was Prince —, at that time high in the favour of the Czar. There were Delcassé of France and Sir Edward Grey of England. All three were gyrating about the Riviera and Savoy—ostensibly it was for their health, possibly for other reasons. In any case the health of these gentlemen seemed a matter of some concern to the German Emperor. Health trips of more than one statesman in or about the same locality are looked upon with much suspicion and promptly investigated; more so when there is any extra political tension. At that time—it was in 1910—the air was tense. Germany was in the dark, unable to distinguish friend or foe.

Sir Edward Grey's habits were unknown to me. With Delcassé's I was somewhat familiar. Prince —, ah, yes! I knew him pretty well. *bon vivant*, extremely fond of a pretty face. Um! I began to see light. Here is where the Countess might come in. By her photograph, an extremely beautiful woman; but photographs often flatter and do not give an indication as to personality. *Festina lente*. I would see.

THE INTRIGUE AT MONTE CARLO

Five forty five the next afternoon and I was installed at the Hotel Metropole in Monte Carlo. After a refreshing bath, I had supper served in my room, and sent for the hotel courier—thus an old globe trotter trick. Hotel couriers or dragomans are walking encyclopaedias. They are good linguists, observant and shrewd. They are masters of the art of finding out things they should not know, and past grand masters in keeping their mouths shut unless you know how to open them. Not with palm oil. Oh, no, nothing so crude! You would never get any truths, or anything worth while, with bribery.

I had to find out local intrigues and gossips—who was in Monte Carlo and what was doing, who were the leading demi-mondaines and gamblers? Were there any possible Secret Service men? Hence the courier, a Swiss from a district of Switzerland. I luckily knew well. When he knocked at the door I cheerily bade him come in. I made my manner as good-natured as possible. I offered him a real Mejdah cigarette. As befitting his station, he was slipping the cigarette in his pocket.

"Oh, no!" I said. "Light it, won't you? Have a little smoke with me here. I'm a bit lonesome. I want to get my bearings. Won't you join me in a glass of wine?"

That was my first oar in. After some commonplace conversation as to how the season was, I asked:

"Anybody of interest here?"

I winked knowingly. Possibly it pleased the courier to have someone to chuckle over a secret. All my oars were in.

"At the Grand Hotel de Londres," he said slyly, "there is a gentleman who does not fool me."

I offered him another cigarette, helped him to another glass of wine.

"He is registered there as Count Techlow, but he can't fool me. He is the Prince —"

"What's he doing, gambling a lot?" (I knew he wasn't.)

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"No," replied the courier, "he's keeping pretty quiet."

"Is there a Countess Techlow?"

The courier shook his head. *Bueno!* The coast seemed clear. I knew it was extremely awkward and often dangerous to tempt the quarry away from a demi-mondaine, especially at Monte Carlo. After chatting some more I bid the courier good night. I would see the Countess the first thing in the morning.

Along toward noon I called at the Hotel Louvre where von Wedel had told me I would find Countess Chechany. I sent in my own card bearing the name of H. van Huit, Doorn Kloof, Transvaal (the reader will recall my experience at Doorn Kloof); also von Wedel's card with his signature.

I had to wait for some time, but finally the Countess received me in her boudoir. She was in bewitching negligée. From the photograph I was prepared to find a very handsome woman, but shades of Helen! This was Venus, Juno and Minerva—the whole Greek and any other goddesses rolled into one! Tall and willowy, superb of figure, great dark-blue eyes, masses of blue-black wavy hair, full red lips forming a perfect Cupid's bow. But why go on—I might get too enthusiastic, and mislead the reader. After my adventure I never saw the Countess again.

I knew that by birth the Countess Chechany was a high Hungarian noblewoman. By marriage she was related to the Counts of Tolna Festetics, a leading house in Hungary. Also, she was one of those marvellously beautiful women peculiar to that country. Waving a small jewelled hand, she begged me to take a chair beside her. A cigarette was daintily poised in her fingers.

"Be seated, Mr. van Huit of the Transvaal," gazing at me with a roguish grin.

We both burst out laughing. Of course she knew what I was. Von Wedel's card showed her that. But, as her next words plainly showed, she knew a great deal more.

THE INTRIGUE AT MONTE CARLO

"I've got a badly sprained ankle, Doctor. Can you do anything for me?"

I must have shown a pretty stupid face, for she laughed amusedly again. I certainly was surprised, for up to now I had never met her, and my being a doctor was known only to one or two persons in the Service. Besides, it is strictly a rule of the Imperial Secret Service never to discuss or divulge personal matters. Her attitude by no means pleased me. I cordially hate anyone, especially women, knowing more than I do. One never knows where one is standing in a case like this. I decided not to show my curiosity, but I was determined to learn how she knew about me. Coolly I said:

"Well, Countess, you have somewhat of an advantage. But if I can be of any assistance to you, pray command me."

As answer, she sprang up, and pirouetting around the room, exclaimed:

"Now, why be peevish. If you're good and nice, I shall tell you some time all about it."

She never did, for with all her ingenuous mannerisms, my lady was about the deepest and least fathomable bit of femininity I have ever met—besides being the possessor of a devil of a temper. After some more banter, which I instigated to become somewhat acquainted with my prospective partner, I came to business.

"Do you know, Countess, the object of my mission?"

"Nothing beyond the intimation of your coming and the command to co-operate with you if necessary. So you had better enlighten me, mon cher."

I did so with some reservation, it being my habit not to let anyone into a thing too much, least of all a woman. I suggested that our first object was to make Prince ——'s acquaintance. As his Serene Highness resided at the Hotel de Londres, we agreed to dine there. After accepting a dainty cup of chocolate I departed, purposely returning home by way of the Londres. Here, with a little diplomacy, I managed to

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reserve for dinner the table I wanted, one next to the Prince. Well pleased, I later dressed, armed myself with a bouquet of La France roses, and called on my partner.

I had the roses sent up and waited. The Countess sent word that she would be down shortly. I smoked three cigarettes. Still no Countess. I have yet to meet a woman who could or would be punctual. Finally I heard the soft swish and frou-frou of silk garments and looking up saw her ladyship coming down the grand stairway. She was brilliantly robed, jewels flashed at her neck and wrists. She was of that type of beauty difficult to classify, although assured of approval in any quarter of the world.

"Tired of waiting, mon ami?" tapping me playfully on the arm. "See, in return for your patience I am wearing your roses."

She had them pinned on her corsage. We entered our carriage and drove to the Hotel de Londres, discussing the parts we were going to play. Would the Russian Bear be caught? I wondered. When we arrived, I saw that the hotel was pretty well filled. Everybody who was anybody seemed to be there. I noticed a number of prominent American society ladies. Experience has taught me that there are three places where you meet sooner or later every known person in the world—Piccadilly Circus, the terrace of Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, and Monte Carlo.

Remembering our diplomatic conversation of the afternoon, the maitre d'hôtel came rushing forward and with profound bows directed us to our table, which was tastefully decorated with La France roses, the Countess' favourites (charged to expenses). As we walked slowly down the passage to our table, many eyes were turned toward us. The Countess appeared unconscious of it all. Lazily, half insolently observant, yet wholly unconcerned, she was without doubt the most strikingly beautiful woman in the assembly; this, though the society of the world seemed to fill the Londres that night.

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As we seated ourselves, a hush fell about the immediate tables to our right and left. It was followed by a low buzzing of curious or interested, wise or ignorant, human bees. On our right I saw the Prince. From the moment of our entrance he had kept looking at the Countess. I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and abruptly he changed seats with one of the gentlemen at his table. Obviously his view of the Countess' face was not at the angle he wished. Screwing his monocle in his eye, he began to stare pretty consistently.

Of course this delighted me. The avidity with which his Serene Highness was swallowing the bait promised much. I thought it advisable, however, to create a little diversion, something that would drive away a possible suspicion that this was a "plant." It was perfectly obvious to all that the Prince was becoming fascinated. Also, he was losing his head, for he was showing his fascination in a rather rude manner. His staring began to attract some attention.

That was the opportunity I was looking for. Calling the *maitre d'hotel*, I requested him, pitching my voice so that it would be easily audible at the surrounding tables.

"Persuade the gentleman on our right to discontinue his annoying stare."

I saw that the Prince had heard my request. Flushing deeply red, he abruptly rose and with a bow to the Countess went out of the room. It was as I wished.

We finished our exquisite and excellently well served dinner, and went out to the Terrace Gardens to have our *café Turc* and cigarettes. Thus, to my mind is the most enjoyable hour of the day, especially in a place like Monte Carlo, well groomed, well fed, surrounded by an ever-varying throng of interesting people, beautiful scenery, exquisite music, the ideal *dolce far niente*.

Slowly inhaling the smoke of my excellent *Mejideh*, I fell into a sort of contemplative reverie while waiting for the Prince. I knew he would come. Back and

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forth in front of me wandered humanity, all grades and shades. Here a prince, scion of a noble house, there a parvenu, fresh from his latest stock-jobbing victory. Here a mondaine, a demi-mondaine with a reputation in half a dozen countries. Here a group of famous lights of the stage, there a couple of eminent statesmen. Truly, a cosmopolitan crowd. What if the antecedents of some of the pleasure seekers here were known? I recognised many, and it being my business to know such things, their stories came back to me magically. Skeletons at the feast? Oh, yes, gruesome ones, too. Just as well an all-wise Providence has ordained our inability to see behind the veil. I knew that the woman opposite me could no more afford to lift her veil than I could mine.

Then one of the gentlemen from the Prince's table came up and addressed me. First, however, he handed me a card, which I saw bore the name of the Prince.

"Monsieur," said the Prince's companion, "I'm deputed by the Prince to convey his regrets, should he have caused Madame or you any annoyance. The Prince begs permission to make his apology to Madame in person."

I replied in words to the effect that Madame being a free agent and only an acquaintance of mine, must decide this for herself.

"Personally," I added, "I have no objection."

The Countess simply nodded. The Prince's envoy bowed and went away.

He returned in a few minutes with the Prince. Mutual introductions, general chatting, the Prince confining himself exclusively to the Countess. About half an hour's talk, refreshments, and there came an arrangement for luncheon the next day, at which the Countess and myself were invited to be the guests of the Prince.

The luncheon was duly given at the Hotel Londres and the Prince was a princely host. Having been invited, I had to attend. There was a theatre party

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that evening, however, to which I was not invited, and supper after, to which I was not invited. Indeed, when I met him on the grand promenade the next day, he gave me a very princely stare and kept on walking. All of which suited me perfectly well. He was in the hands of the Countess.

From afar I watched him become daily more infatuated. They were constantly driving and attending theatres together. The Prince was showering valuable presents right and left. In the midst of this, I received information that Delcasse had arrived at Nice. The Countess had her eyes on the Prince, so this left me free to take care of Delcasse. My work was now to learn if the French minister held any meetings with Sir Edward Grey or Winston Churchill, ministers from England, who were shortly expected to also arrive at Nice. Subsequently, I guessed there would be a final meeting with the Prince. I continually and unobtrusively followed Delcasse everywhere but nothing eventuated. Owing to unforeseen circumstances in the House of Commons, and the Cabinet of England, Sir Edward and Churchill were unable to take their "vacation trips" in person, so they sent an emissary with important documents to Delcasse, one of which came to light in his subsequent meeting with the Prince.

On the night of the ninth of November I received a wire from the Countess. It was delivered at the Hotel Anglais, Nice. Opening it, I read

'Return De Camp here Meeting our friend'

Of course by De Camp she meant Delcasse. Clearly he had slipped away from me. "Our friend" referred to the Prince. This was news indeed! Hiring an automobile I made record time for Monte Carlo. I arrived at my hotel about three o'clock in the morning of the tenth and found awaiting me in my room the Countess' maid. She delivered part of an important conversation which had taken place between Delcasse and the Prince and of which I shall presently give the substance and its explanation. Instructing the maid to inform her

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mistress that I wished to see her at ten A.M. at the Casino, in the Salle des Etrangers, I dismissed her. I chose the Salle des Etrangers because it was the most frequented and for that reason the least-suspicious meeting place.

We met as appointed and the Countess confirmed the maid's report. For about three hours on the evening of the ninth, Delcassé of France and Prince — of Russia were in conference in the Prince's chamber at the Hotel de Londres. Having changed her hotel *and being in a chamber adjoining the Prince's, the* Countess had managed to overhear most of this conversation. In her report there were naturally some blanks. She had not been able to hear every word uttered. But the purport and trend showed me it was of tremendous importance.

It was evidently an arrangement between France and Russia, with the understanding of England, to force Germany into an abject isolation. Going further, they were trying through a closer alliance of these three great Powers to curtail the activities of Germany expansion and completely coop her up diplomatically. The Countess told me that the Prince and Delcassé were going to meet again that same afternoon about five o'clock. As it was absolutely imperative to obtain knowledge of the rest of the conversation I enjoined the Countess to exert all her skill to secure the details at this most important interview, and to meet me once more in a corner of the Salle des Etrangers, this time at seven o'clock.

I returned to my hotel, settled my bill and had my bag taken over to the railway station; I got a ticket for Milan. It is always advisable to lay your plans carefully for a possibly very hurried exit, the nearest friendly border in this instance being Italy. In the event of trouble arising, hurrying through France would have been out of the question. Switzerland is an independent country which would have held me up officially on being requested to do so, although they do not extradite for political offences, but being held up is

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bad enough. But once across the Italian border, I was safe enough. A semi official hint from the Wilhelmstrasse to the Quirinal would always procure an open sesame for me—no danger of being held up there. Hence the ticket for Milan.

The intervening hours I spent on the outskirts of Monte Carlo, dropping into many a quaint little wine cellar. At dusk I entered the *Salle des Etrangers* of the Casino and, settling myself comfortably in the appointed corner, awaited developments. It was a trying wait. I sat there from seven to ten thirty, smoking incessantly. I was just finishing my last cigarette and I had about come to the end of my resources in entertaining myself. One has ample time to conjecture all sorts of possible mishaps, and mishaps are deucedly uncomfortable in this sort of work.

Not to create curiosity or suspicion, by my long occupation of this particular corner, I had started a tremendous flirtation with a rather plain, rather rotund lady of the English Cook's Tour type. Her return glances and smiles attracted the amused attention of most of the passers by, especially the attendant of that part of the *Salle*. This was rather good, for if one does not gamble or flirt in the Casino he is regarded by the commissaires as a *Chevalier d'Industrie*, in other words "confidence man."

Just then I saw the Countess' maid making a signal to me from the entrance door, and without as much as by your leave I hurried after her. In about ten strides I overtook the girl.

"Have you got anything for me?"

"No, sir," she replied. "But her ladyship wishes to meet you. You are pleased to make a rendezvous."

This was clever and suited me, knowing that she must have procured something of importance, I selected a little cafe the *Boulaenger*, close to the station, and after giving the girl a louis, I jumped into a carriage and drove there. In a short time I was joined by the Countess who had thrown a hooded mantle over a brilliant evening gown. Quietly slipping into a chair

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next to me she took some folded papers out of her glove, and while fastening a little rosebud into my lapel slipped them into my pockets with the words:

"All I could obtain, but you'll find it sufficient. I'm leaving for Rome to-morrow night. Bon voyage!"

I looked at my watch and saw I had time to catch the train for Milan. No sooner was I locked in my coupé and the train in motion, than I had a good look at the papers. They were two half sheets of note-paper, embossed with the princely coat of arms and containing abbreviated sentences of dates, and names and a route, all in the handwriting of Delcassé and the Prince. The whole gist, with her repeated, overheard snatches of conversation, showed clearly an intended secret visit of the President of France to the Czar of Russia, the names of the officials to be present and the meeting place, the Czar's yacht, the *Staandart* off Kronstadt. This meeting, however, did not take place, the Kaiser forestalling it by his quick action on the Moroccan situation.

From Milan I went to Berlin, and within forty-eight hours the documents were delivered into the hands of Count von Wedel, and then into the hands of the Emperor. Their significance was this:

The Moroccan trouble was very ominous. Germany was in a position where, sooner or later, she would be forced to act. Before this mission the Kaiser was in the dark. France, Russia and England did not have their cards on the table. He did not know which countries would remain neutral in case of war with France. He had suspected that there was some sort of an understanding brewing against him. The results of my mission—learning of Sir Edward Grey's message to Delcassé, Delcassé's meeting with Prince — of Russia—confirmed this beyond all doubt.

But how strong was this alliance? How close would England stick to France? This he did not know. He only knew that there was a sort of an agreement, and to find out just how strong was the bond between England and France, he used a master stroke of diplo-

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macy He brought the Moroccan question to a crisis, long before it was anticipated, he sent the warship *Panther* into Agadir Harbour and forced England and France to show their hands How closely war was averted, only four persons knew at that time—the Captain of the *Panther*, von Wedel, the Kaiser and myself And how Europe just missed being plunged into a tremendous war I shall tell of in my secret mission that nipped war in the bud

I came near forgetting For his discretion at Monte Carlo, the Czar rewarded the Prince by transferring him to a province in Siberia

VII

THE KAISER PREVENTS A WAR

It was Kaiser weather in Germany. Berlin seemed to me like Heaven. I had promised myself a good holiday and my pocket-book was full. Any absence from Berlin always makes me try to crowd into the first twenty-four hours home all the enjoyments that this city offers. Accordingly, with money running through my fingers like sand, I planned a long ride in the Grunewald; I saw myself ordering the few special dishes one gets at Kempinsky's; I would buy a good seat at the Metropole, and to wind up I would look in at the Admiral's Palace when the performers were mingling in the audience. It being my first day back in Berlin, that programme appealed to me a lot more than did the European diplomatic tangle. I had been idling the early afternoon hours at the Café Bauer, Unter den Linden, but my programme for the rest of the day finally chosen, I got up, paid my bill and strolled home.

My boy Kim must have been on the lookout for me; before I could use my key the door flew open.

"Master!" he exclaimed in his heavy, jerky voice, "you are wanted on the telephone."

I had an uneasy suspicion of what that meant, which was confirmed when my boy added, "Number A 11 wants you."

Bismillah! That settled it! That ended my Grune-

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wald, Kempinsky's, the Metropole, the Admiral's Palace. It meant the highway away. It always means that when a man of my position is in Berlin and somebody says to call up that number, A 11. When ever A 11 summons it is wise to be prompt. It is the number of the foreign office of Germany.

I lost no time in getting a connection, and I was told to report at the Wilhelmstrasse at 10 30 that night. I was to hold myself ready for instant service. I must come prepared possibly for a long journey.

I gave orders for my boy to have me dressed by ten o'clock. I decided to take a nap, for I knew that midnight interviews with the gentleman at the Wilhelmstrasse often led to some mighty unexpected and protracted travelling. Before going to sleep, however, I went over the European situation. What had loomed big? I hoped it was something big, for while a Secret Service agent doesn't get blase, he likes to work when thrones or the boundaries of empires are involved.

I reflected that June—it was in 1911—had been a decidedly strenuous month for more than one cabinet in Europe. Germany and France were snapping and snarling. France was going around with its chest stuck out, its attitude decidedly belligerent. Of course, this cockiness was due to the fat fingers of honest John Bull, indeed, England had more than ten fingers in this pie that was baking. I knew that the air was full of Morocco and war talk. I knew that there was a certain faction in Germany that was trying to push the Kaiser into a war. This clique, composed of army and navy men and the junker, the "jingo" party, the big gun interests, backed by public opinion, were trying their utmost to urge war with France. What was the latest at the Wilhelmstrasse?

On the stroke of 10 30 I was there. I handed my number to the commissionaire, and while waiting started speculating what my new task would be.

Presently the commissionaire returned and showed me

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into the chambers of Privy Councillor Graf von Wedel. With another man in evening dress, I was told to wait in an antechamber. We bowed, and although we took pretty good stock of each other, neither spoke—in accordance with the unwritten law in the Imperial Secret Service. After about half a hour's wait, we were shown into the Count's private room. This rather astonished me, for the usual rule at the Wilhelmstrasse is to interview only one man at a time. Clearly something out of the ordinary was in the air. After the Count greeted us, he inquired if we were known to each other. Receiving a negative, he introduced us. My companion was a Herr von Senden, ex-officer of the Zweite Garde Dragonen.

"You will both be taken at half-past eleven to a certain room," said the Count. "You will advance to the middle, wheel to your right, face the portière and stand at attention. You will answer all questions, but make no comments or queries yourself. I need not enjoin you to total silence. You understand?"

We bowed. Just then a gong boomed somewhere below us. A last word from the Count, "Be ready!" He left us. Reappearing almost immediately, he beckoned us to follow him. We noticed that he seemed even more grave than usual. Down a flight of stairs, along a great corridor we made our way, no one speaking a word. At the end of the corridor we saw two sentries; then a big solid oak door, guarded by an attendant in the livery of the Royal Household. At a sign from the Count we halted; he knocked. The door was opened by an officer of the Erste Garde du Corps and, remembering our instructions, we entered and came to attention in the middle of a large room, facing an adjoining chamber, the portières to which were divided. The room in which we stood was brilliantly lighted, but the other was dark, save for a green glow that came from a shaded reading lamp on a big writing desk. Senden looked at the desk and gave a sort of gasp.

Then I quite understood his emotion. For seated

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behind that heavy, old fashioned desk, was Wilhelm II Emperor of Germany

We stood at a rigid attention, absolutely silent, for full five minutes. The dimly lit, solitary figure at the desk made no sign but went on writing. I am not a timid or a nervous man, the sort of work I was doing seasons one pretty thoroughly, but this began to get on my nerves. Drawn up in front of the Emperor and waiting, waiting. Contact with the great ones of the earth especially through Secret Service, can take some almighty queer turns, and a short circuit is confidently unhealthy for the negative wire. The more I looked at that silent, lonely figure, War Lord of Europe, the more I began to feel a great big longing for the African Veldt, a thousand miles north of Cape Town preferably.

Suddenly the Emperor made a move, and there came a sharp, rather high pitched voice, saying, "Wedel, I will see the first."

At once Herr Senden was shown from the room, obviously the mission, whatever it was was not for him. I never saw him again.

I was bidden to step to within three paces of the Emperor the officer who escorted Herr von Senden from the room attempted to return but was waved out. There were just the three of us. Count Wedel, standing at the corner of the desk on the right, the Kaiser and myself. I had seen the Emperor on many occasions, but never so close before. He appeared to be lost in some document. He looked well but older than any of his portraits. Tanned almost dark his rather lean face bore a striking likeness to Frederick the Great, more so than ever, for he is getting gray. I realised that none of his portraits do his eyes justice. Of a bluish steel gray they have an icy, impersonal, weighing look in them. It is hard to define. It struck me in that moment that Lord Kitchener, Teufick Pasha Cecil Rhodes and Li Hung Chang had exactly those same eyes—the eyes of men who feel it in them to master the world.

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Presently His Majesty looked up, and in that same, rather shrill voice asked:

"How long have you been in the Service?"

"Three years, sir."

"You know Morocco?"

Morocco! So that was it. France and Germany quarrelling over the bone, at the point of war! I replied:

"Yes, sir!"

"How long were you in Morocco?" continued the Emperor.

"About twelve months, sir."

On this he seemed to hesitate. Frankly, I was nervous, so instead of thinking about Morocco, I noticed that the Kaiser wore the undress uniform of a Colonel of the Grenadier Guard, with the star of the Order Pour le Merite dangling from his coat button. As if making up his mind, he turned again on me those gray eyes.

"You know Kaid MacLean?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get to know him?"

"I happened to be of assistance to Sir Harry Kaid MacLean, who was at that time Commander-in-Chief and Man-of-Affairs to the Sultan of Morocco."

My answer seemed to please the Emperor, for his eyes gleamed.

"Any likelihood of his remembering your services?"

I hesitated, then said:

"I cannot vouch for another man's memory, sire. Besides, I do not care to put the Kaid to the test."

The Emperor looked at me queerly, but, evidently satisfied with my answer, he turned to Count Wedel, saying:

"He will do. Have the dispatches ready."

At once the Count hurried noiselessly into an adjoining room. The Kaiser, making one of his characteristic sudden movements, flung himself back

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into the chair, and looking steadily at me, added

"Besides the official dispatches you will memorise these commands for the Captain of the warship *Panther*" He handed me a note, which I did not immediately look at, for he continued "Outside of Count Wedel, no one is to know anything of your mission. No one is to know that you are carrying a verbal message from me to the Captain of the warship *Panther*. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The Emperor as abruptly drew himself forward, and propping his head with his hands fell into a deep study, gazing fixedly at nothing. He seemed in that moment to be considerably older. His face, even for the tan, had that grayish look of a man who is carrying some tremendous responsibility. It came to me swiftly, the popular clamour for war, *Panther!*—the *Panther* was lying off Spain ready to steam across the Mediterranean to Morocco. And I was to bear secret orders from the Emperor to the *Panther's* Captain.

Then I opened the note that the Emperor had given me, and began to memorise its contents. Amazement must have shown on my face. A blow with a feather would have knocked me down. No wonder Wilhelm II was staring blankly, no wonder this message had to be delivered verbally. Hurriedly I began to memorise it. Presently, I saw Count Wedel come in and he and the Kaiser began to talk in whispers. Then Wilhelm looked up and said

"Have you memorised it?"

"Yes, sir!" Taking the note from me, he at once struck a match and held it under the paper until it was reduced to ashes. Then making a curt gesture of dismissal, Wedel gave me a signal to retire and we backed toward the door. I was in possession of a secret known only to the Emperor himself and which at that moment the cabinets of France and England and the financiers of the world would have given

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hundreds of thousands of pounds to possess. Out into the hall we backed, always being careful never to commit the discourtesy of turning our faces away from the Emperor, and the last I saw of him was that lonely figure seated at his desk, the greenish light playing over him, around and beyond him darkness, and his face illuminated against that background, grayish, old. There he was, at his desk at midnight, in an underground chamber of the Foreign Office, the Emperor of Germany, working in solitude, while most of his subjects slept, tirelessly mapping out a policy the trend of which he dared discuss with no man save Wedel and possibly his oldest son.

Bowing, we were out in the hall; the big oaken door closed. Wedel led the way to his private chamber. He produced a package of sealed papers and handing it to me, said:

"Doctor, this is a most important affair. There is a most serious trouble brewing somewhere—trouble about war. We have our suspicions as to what Power is behind all this and we are going to find out. You are well enough acquainted with the situation to require no further illustration. You know how here at home they are also trying to force the Emperor into a war. You will leave this package at the Embassy in Paris. It must be there at the Rue de Lille to-morrow noon. To do so you will have to leave at half-past three this morning. At the Paris legation you will receive another package which you will take on to Madrid. After delivering this, you have *carte blanche* to make your way to the *Panther*, which you will find off Barcelona. Also, you will visit Gibraltar and inform yourself of the strength and state of preparation of the British Naval Squadron there." He paused. "This time you will not apply at the cashier's desk. Your expenses are borne this time out of the Emperor's private chatulle. In a few hours' time I will have French and Spanish money ready for you and send it to your lodgings. You thoroughly understand your instructions? Of course,

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you have not forgotten the message that you memorised before the Emperor?"

I assured him I had not, and after a cordial hand shake I bowed myself out and hurried back to my quarters. Here I found that my boy had my travelling bag ready with his usual completeness. One does not take much baggage on these trips. Pyjamas, hair brush, razors and toothbrush have seen me three quarters around the globe, and I never carried a six shooter in my life. In all my experience I have seen few secret agents who do carry it. The only protective article I ever carried was a little silk bag containing a mixture of cayenne pepper, snuff and certain chemicals. It is very effective to throw into the faces of those who attack you.

Soon there came a messenger from Wedel with the promised funds, a thousand francs and two thousand pesos. It lacked a half hour to three thirty, so I made my way to the Friedrichstrasse station on foot. Experience has taught me that the Paris Express is generally overcrowded, and that unless one reaches the station early and uses a good deal of palm oil, it is impossible to secure a decent seat. A judicious oiling of palms enabled me to get a very pleasant window seat in the middle compartment. After making myself at home I took a tour through the train. It is my invariable custom to take stock of my fellow travellers, and in this case it was most imperative.

Nothing happened until we reached the last stop but one for the express in Germany. Glancing out of the window I saw a party of three entering the carriage. They selected the compartment next to mine. Obviously they were travelling together, equally obvious was it that there was plenty of room in their own compartment. The train was hardly in motion however, when the woman of the party entered my compartment. She started to complain about being annoyed by the man next door and to ask my protection. As a matter of course, I got up and offered my assistance to remove her belongings into my compartment.

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again. The station master escorted me to my compartment and I noticed that from Cologne to the French frontier I had no other travelling companions. My arrival and what I accomplished in Paris is commonplace. Arriving in the Gare du Nord, I took a taxi to the German Embassy on the Rue de Lille, where an under-secretary signed for my dispatches and handed me two letters addressed to the Embassy in Madrid. I immediately posted his receipt to the Wilhelmstrasse, something German secret agents always must do, mail the Foreign Office signatures for documents as soon as they are delivered. Without further adventure I reached Madrid. As the train was four hours late I did not present myself at the Embassy. I was met by a commissionaire at the station, delivered him the paper, received his signature, posted it to the Wilhelmstrasse, and made connections for Barcelona. Somewhere off the city, on the open sea, the *Panther* was waiting.

With the utmost difficulty I chartered a tug and in the twilight set off to find the *Panther*. It was coming night when we finally saw her dark trim hull lying against the horizon. Well named the *Panther*, for in this case a false spring by her meant war. As we steamed up alongside a sentry hailed us from the deck. I shouted that I had come to see the Captain, but he told us to stand off. Finally, after persistently hailing the warship, the officer of the watch came to the rail and held parley with me.

"I have Imperial orders to see the Captain," I shouted.

Apparently this satisfied him, for he let me come on board. Without further delay I was shown into the Captain's room. Very important, the Captain. Picture him, a man in the forties, straight-backed, rather jolly, and with one of those German naval beards. The slightest mistake by the Captain of the *Panther* and England and France would have flung themselves into war with Germany. He stood for a moment regarding me, then he said:

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"Well, what is this? What is your Wilhelmstrasse number?"

"Seventeen," I told him

That appeared to satisfy the Captain. I knew that the Wilhelmstrasse had wired him that "Number Seventeen" was coming. Still he was careful.

"Where were your first instructions received?"

"From Wedel."

"Subsequently?"

I felt him looking at me sharply.

"Confirmed by the Emperor," I replied, "and I deliver you herewith the following message. You are requested to use the private service code as soon as I have delivered this message to you, and repeat it at once direct to Count Wedel."

The Captain got up and moving noiselessly to the door, opened it swiftly. There was no one about.

"All right," he said, "let me have it."

I repeated what I had memorised, what the Emperor had given me in the secret chamber and immediately afterward destroyed all visible trace of. I said "On no account, it does not matter what official commands you have received or may receive, are you to use open force when the *Panther* goes to Agadir. No matter what stress is brought to bear upon you by arising conditions, no matter what affront may be done your code of naval honour, you are under no circumstances to use any force against France or England."

Like myself, when the Emperor gave me that message, the Captain of the *Panther* was dumfounded. It was a direct contradiction of the official orders he had received from the Foreign Office to go to Morocco and make a demonstration against the French and the English interests. Those previous orders had been to create war, this verbal message was to stop war. Could the German "jingos," the big gun manufacturers, the shell people, the army and navy men, the powerful feudal faction have heard me deliver that message to the Captain of the *Panther*, they would have bellowed in rage. The whole empire wanted war, but the tired,

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swarthy-faced man in the little underground chamber at the Wilhelmstrasse, not "absolutely absolute" as he is popularly supposed to be, deemed it wise not to fly in the face of public opinion at the time and countermand the official orders to the *Panther*. So he had done so in the dark, verbally, by me, knowing that so he served the best interests of his empire.

The rest is contemporary history. You remember how, on Sunday morning, July 7, the *Panther* steamed to Morocco, how it forced its way into the harbour of Agadir and created an international sensation by remaining there more than two weeks. You remember how a French and an English warship came simultaneously, how they formed in what was equivalent to common line, and how, with officers and everybody itching to open fire, war just missed being precipitated. You may not know that the British and French officers sent an ultimatum to the Captain of the *Panther*. Unless he left Agadir he would be forced to leave. That meant war.

Now, had the Captain of the *Panther* not received the private message from the Emperor, he would have been forced by his naval code to resist this ultimatum by force. Had he gone there acting under the original official orders red war would have blazed across in Agadir Harbour. The slightest slip would have caused it—the report of a rifle. But the *Panther* steamed away.

And this is the cleverest part of the Emperor's scheme; he knew that France and England were allies, he didn't know, though, just how sincere this alliance was. By sending the *Panther* into Agadir he learned that the *entente cordiale* really meant something, that England and France were allies, that they were prepared to resist Germany shoulder to shoulder in war. It took a master stroke to bring the situation up to the point of war—for it was a dangerous business, with all Germany roaring for war—and then avert war when England and France were on the verge of it. But with his verbal message the Emperor shrewdly accomplished it. The results were before him. By creating

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the situation he knew that he had two powerful nations opposed to him Good!

What he would do now would be to take one of those nations and secretly ally himself with it, leaving the other out in the cold Then began intrigues with a view to the isolation of France which, had they been successful, would have altered the whole map of Europe

VIII

THE BALKANS AND EUROPEAN NEUTRALITY

AFTER my experiences with the earlier stages of the French, English, and German situation, I was quite prepared for the most unexpected developments. What occurred in the middle of October, 1911, was, however, beyond what I had imagined. The Morocco incident had shown the German Emperor that the *entente cordiale* was indeed solid. England and France would stand shoulder to shoulder in war. Being used to the ways of German diplomacy, I knew that from the Wilhelmstrasse would come a quick countermove. I guessed, too, that when it came I would be employed. It stood to reason that, knowing so much of the trend and importance of the affair—I had seen the intrigue grow step by step—I was the logical choice.

Nor was my reasoning at fault. I soon received the expected summons, and it brought me into the most amazing of my diplomatic adventures—a mission which showed me the utter ruthlessness that characterises emperors and kings, particularly when the vital interests of their countries are concerned.

Word to appear at the Wilhelmstrasse came when the autumn holidays were in full swing. The usual procedure of the Foreign Office having been observed, I found myself in Count von Wedel's private study. After an invitation to be seated, the Count surprised me. He complimented me on my previous missions on the *entente cordiale* situation, and handed me a

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pretty substantial cheque It was actually 10,000 marks—£500—which the counterfoil of the royal cheque book will show

As I took the money he remarked "Seine Majestät"—Foreign Office brevity for a conveying that His Majesty was satisfied Without more ado, von Wedel plunged into the subject Leaning back and crossing his legs, he began to talk in his abrupt way

"I want you to go with his Excellency, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, as his private attendant and secretary," began von Wedel "I have selected you because of your knowledge of English and your insight into the whole matter in hand There is to be a meeting of certain statesmen in a certain spot in the Taunus Forest You are to be the sole attendant of these gentlemen You'll see to it that nothing of their identity becomes known You will look after them in every way You will destroy all writing, such as paper and blotters You will burn any such things in the presence of Herr von Kiderlen Waechter"

He paused impressively, and I found my mind in a whirl What his words portended I could guess This mission promised to be very interesting indeed

"I want you to be at the place of meeting," von Wedel continued, "three days before the arrival of these gentlemen You will have to make arrangements as regards catering and so forth You'll be the only attendant Means have been taken to assure strict privacy in the district Understand that we want this to be thoroughly cloaked I suggest to you the idea of a hunting party The details I leave to you The gentlemen in question may or may not be known to you I shall write you their names"

His pen began scratching across a piece of paper, and I had a moment in which to realise the grave importance of this mission the future of Germany menaced, complete isolation was in the making between England, France, and Russia, and the Kaiser was about to save Germany by a master stroke of diplomacy Of what tremendous importance it was,

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however, I did not learn until I had gone down into the forest.

Looking up, von Wedel tossed a piece of paper across the desk to me (the identical paper which has been reproduced in connection with this article). It bore these names in his handwriting:

Lord —, Mr. —, M.P., Admiral von Tirpitz, General von Heeringen, General Moritz Ritter von Auffenberg, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter.

I suppose, had it been my first Secret Service mission instead of the climax of eleven years in the Service, I could not have controlled my surprise. These men, all meeting in a lonely spot in the Taunus Forest range, foretold a grave situation. Especially was this true in view of the newspapers of Europe. Here was all the press having Germany and England ready to rush at each other's throats in war. It was the time of the German spy scare in England. And now here were the two powerful members of the English Cabinet meeting the Kaiser's Minister of War secretly.

I also knew of a secret visit both these statesmen had made at the Foreign Office's invitation. Significantly these English diplomats had been shown certain of Germany's preparations for war, notably war in the sky—for a reason.

But von Wedel had not yet finished.

"These gentlemen," he said, "will meet at Schlangenbad about the middle of this month. You know the place, in the Taunus Hills—one of the Emperor's hunting lodges. I suggest that you get down there to-morrow and have everything ready. You thoroughly know what is required of you, Doctor?"

On my assenting, I was dismissed. I lost no time in getting home to my quarters and into comfortable togs. This mission needed some thinking out. And after I told my Zulu boy to pack my bag, I glanced again at the list von Wedel had given me.

Lord — of England, *persona grata* with the Kaiser—in fact, a personal friend. Mr. —, M.P., of

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the British Admiralty Waechter, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs and, despite court opposition, the trusted man of the Kaiser Tirpitz and von Heeringen, chiefs of the German navy and army staffs, the latter a second Moltke When I came to von Auffenberg's name I whistled Von Auffenberg was Minister of War and the right hand man of the Chancellor of the Austrian Empire Thus three great Powers were represented Six men of this eminence, the brains and force of three nations, to meet in secret in a little obscure hunting lodge in the forest! It portended darkly for France, but how darkly I could not then conjecture It interested me tremendously, but I consoled myself that I would probably know all when the party gathered in that secluded hunting lodge

According to instructions, I presented myself early next morning at the residence of Herr von Kiderlen Waechter It was in the Thiergartenstrasse With out delay I was shown into his Excellency's room He was seated at his desk, and while we exchanged a few perfunctory words I permitted myself a moment's brief conjecture

Judging from appearances, you would never have taken this portly, rubicund, iron gray, bushy browed gentleman for a statesman But a statesman he was for all that, and the Emperor and Germany miss him sorely I would have taken him for a Boer *Dopper* or an English yeoman This suggestion was supported by his atrocious taste in fancy waistcoats The one he had on still sticks in my memory It was a lurid peach blossom creation, spotted with green But once his steel gray deerhound eyes looked you up and down you forgot all about the fancy waistcoat and got right down to business I told his Excellency I had come for his personal instructions

Besides telling me to "halt my maul" (a German military expression literally meaning to keep your mouth shut, but implying the need for utmost secrecy) he gave me certain general instructions But from them I could gain no idea of just what was going

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to happen. I could only guess. How big was the gathering storm be never even hinted.

Remembering von Wedel's suggestion about the hunting party, I procured some guns and reached the station in time to catch the 12.30 express for Schlangenbad.

It was early in October when I went to the Kur Hotel and registered as Herr Bamberger from Berlin. If you ever go to Schlangenbad, look up the register. Schlangenbad is a mineral watering place in Nassau, in the Taunus Forest, and within easy distance of our ultimate meeting place, the hunting lodge that von Wedel had mentioned.

I was alone at the hotel for several days. Then, travelling incognito, the dignitaries began to drift in. First came the Austrian, General Moritz Ritter von Auffenberg. A distinguished, quiet, unassuming gentleman, he is known to be high in the confidence of Francis Joseph. I found the War Minister very fond of salmon fishing, and got quite into his good graces by enthusiastic tales of fly fishing in New Zealand.

Admiral von Tirpitz and General von Heeringen came next. The Admiral is typical of the German sailor, a big man, six feet, wide of shoulder, blue-eyed, and full bearded. His manner I found genial and courteous. His exact opposite was von Heeringen, thin, almost crooked of body, stoop shouldered, unusually taciturn, and possessing deep-sunken, smouldering black eyes. He struck me as an animated mummy of the Rameses dynasty—when you come to think of it, he much resembles Rameses II.

The exact date of the meeting, as I recall it, was October 12, and the place a shooting lodge, named Ehrenkrug. On the morning of the twelfth I hired a vehicle and, loading provisions, wine, and other necessities aboard, drove to the lodge, sixteen miles into the forest.

No farmhouse or other human habitation was within a radius of several miles. It was a large stone and brick building, somewhat similar to your Colonial

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style It had five or six guest rooms, a large general meeting hall, and a morning room It being the property of the royal family, I found two old pensioners of the Imperial Forest Service in charge They had a good fire going in the grate, which was welcome, for it was still a little damp and chilly, especially in this wet mountain forest

Patrolling both ends of the road were a number of gendarmes They were scattered through the woods, too, forming a cordon through which no one could come Indeed, they had challenged me About three o'clock in the afternoon the German and Austrian envoys came out from the hotel, and at a quarter to four (I remember Waechter remarking "They're three-quarters of an hour late!") the chug of a motor announced the others, whom I saw at once were two well known English statesmen

I had never happened to meet the elder before, and I found him the English gentleman personified—polished and reserved Yet his reserve, tempered by age, blended into a genial mellowness The usual English arrogance had evidently been subdued by reason of his training and cosmopolitan knowledge In speech and action he was a Chesterfield, but in appearance he was not unlike a canon or a bishop, a little ascetic looking, and rather bald

Quite the other type of Anglo Saxon, still boyish in looks, high strung and nervous, erratic in speech and action, just a bit self conscious was the youngest member of this remarkable gathering I had met him during the Boer War, and as he took off his motoring coat he looked at me closely

"I believe I've seen you before," he said

"I met the right honourable gentleman in the Bloemfontein Field Hospital during the war"

"Ah, yes," said the Englishman, his face lighting up

He had had his wound dressed there, his recognition showed his remarkable memory

After refreshments the envoys immediately adjourned

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to the big morning-room, and I was posted outside to see that no gendarme or forester came within earshot. I was not present at the beginning of the conference, but after an hour had passed I was summoned. My first impression as I opened the door was of an air of tenseness. It was obvious from the way the two Englishmen were staring across the table at each other. It was an ordinary large German oak dining-room table, and in the middle were two big shaded lamps. It was growing dusk, and after lighting the lamps I backed away to a corner of the room. I had a distinct impression of the features of the six men who were making history round that table. There were writing materials, stacks of paper, and documents at every place. Sheets and sheets of paper were covered with their handwriting. Only in front of von Heeringen were the sheets blank, for he never makes a note of anything, carrying everything in his marvellous memory.

Obviously what were the last words of a speech came from Moritz, the Austrian, as I entered: "And to make this all possible," he was saying, "we must break the Federation in the Balkans."

From his place at the head of the table the iron-gray-haired Kiderlen-Waechter rose slowly. I noticed he wore another of those atrocious vests. Turning on his left he gazed at the younger Englishman and Tirpitz; his careful measuring eyes then met Moritz, an expectant, slightly nervous figure at the other end of the table awaiting the reply to the point he had raised. And Waechter's eyes turned from him to Heeringen, and then to the second Englishman; then he spoke. I recall distinctly the import of his remarks.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the point raised by General Moritz must stand, and, of course, it needs the sanction of our respective heads. As Lord — has pointed out, it does complicate matters to some extent. The Balkans concern Austria most; to my way of thinking it is quite within reason to accede this point." (As I write I recall vividly how grave they had all become.

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They knew what this meant—war in the Balkans " (On all main points," said Kiderlen Waechter, "we are agreed. As indicated by his Imperial Majesty, the primary reason of our meeting is to come to a tacit understanding in regard to technical details. This we have done. It is unfortunate, however, that this possible phase, the Balkan point, has not been gone into before. I suggest that we adjourn, to inform our respective governments of this point. If necessary, we will meet again on Wednesday."

This second meeting, by the way, was not necessary, all the governments represented agreeing with Austria.

As Kiderlen-Waechter sat down, Lord — audibly concurred, the others merely nodding. Apparently the conference was at an end. But what had they accomplished? From the general tenor of their conversation it was obvious that they all agreed. But what were the terms of their bargain? Presently I was to know.

"Bamberger," said Kiderlen Waechter, addressing me by the name I had taken, "gather up any pieces of paper on the table and consign them to the fire."

I replied "Yes, sir." Then turning to the others, he continued:

"Gentlemen, select the memoranda you wish to keep. The rest is going to be destroyed immediately."

While they ran over their papers, saving necessary scraps, I stood back from the table. It was characteristic of the men that the young English statesman should have taken the most voluminous notes, while Heeringen had not put down a line. I then gathered up every scrap of paper left on the table—blotters, little note-pads, foolscap—used or unused. Everything was to go into the fire.

I went about this slowly and deliberately, taking care to glance at everything before I carried it over to the grate. I wanted to make sure that nothing of value was destroyed. Here and there came a good chance to read some of the contents. Piece by piece from the memoranda the different men had made, always being careful not to confuse individual notes, thus learning

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one by one their train of thought, the thing began to piece itself together for me. There were extensive notes on army and navy matters. The Englishman, for instance, had carefully noted the full strength that Austria and Germany could muster in case of war. Kiderlen-Waechter had recorded the full strength of England and Austria as given by Mr — and Moritz. So had Moritz taken down German and English statistics. Obviously it was a triangular alliance, each noting to what extent dependence could be placed upon the other. Then there were data on the respective navies. The significance of that was apparent.

Not until Kiderlen-Waechter and Mr —, squatting down by the fireplace and poking the burning papers with old-fashioned irons, not until then, when there began a conversation and other pairs conversed on certain points all around the room, did I gain a clear idea of just what had happened. What they said, the vital scraps of their conversation as they drifted to me while I moved to and from the table and fireplace, I shall now present as close to the words of the men involved as I am able.

Heeringen, who had drawn Lord — aside, said: "We are ready at any time with 3,500,000 men without any further straining of our reserves. According to our latest agreement Austria will support us with 2,000,000 more men. The financial aspect of this is, of course, out of my hands."

His lordship mumbled something that I could not hear. At any rate, he nodded an affirmative.

By this time the positions had changed somewhat, and the younger of the Englishmen drew Tirpitz aside. He spoke German only indifferently, so they conversed in French and partly in English. I heard Tirpitz say:

"Of course, in the event of any outside situation arising, we shall look to England to take care of such new conditions. That seems to rest clearly with your navy."

The other became a little cautious.

"There is a certain contingency that might arise,"

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he said "Suppose, under stress of circumstances the United States should take a definite stand against us in this matter?"

The reply of the Admiral was the very expressive German word—*Quatsch!* He further intimated that the United States was so interested in its own internal affairs, that it would not be drawn into the question and that in any event its navy would be needed for its own immediate protection. He had a disposition however, to put the entire situation up to the Englishman.

Kiderlen Waechter and Moritz were deep in the Balkan question, and I sensed then the coming Balkan imbroglio.

"Without doubt," Moritz said, "we will bring that to an issue within a few months." I knew he meant that Austria would precipitate the Balkan question. Kiderlen Waechter was serious.

"It has got to be done."

There were other snatches, all bearing on the same subject, and gradually the situation began to clarify in my mind. It was not however, until I had noted the contents of certain documents before destroying them that the tremendous importance of the big stakes they were all playing for became apparent. Even I cannot reveal the substance of these documents. But the result of that meeting was to preserve the peace of the great European Powers during the Balkan war.

IX

IN THE BALKAN COUNTRY

AFTER my mission in the Taunus Forest, I went to Albeck, a well-known seaside resort on the Baltic. For more than a year the gentlemen at the Wilhelmstrasse had kept me on the run, and a vacation at Albeck was not only welcomed but needed. I was just settling down to a period of quiet in and around the Kurhaus when there came a wire for my attendance at the Wilhelmstrasse. "At your earliest convenience" was the phrase which, of course, meant at once. Germany's language to her secret agents is always polite.

I am very frank to confess that the message put me a little out of sorts. All my plans for resting at Albeck went to smash. I knew that something big must be in the air else I would never have been recalled from a vacation that was only beginning. Wiring a reply I stated that I would arrive in Berlin by the 7.30 train and that any further commands would receive attention at my standing quarters in the Mittelstrasse. In a few hours I had caught a train and was being whirled south.

During the three-hour run I speculated on what was likely to be required from me. An inside rumour then current among us Secret Service men gave me the clue. I marshalled past events and ran them over in my mind. I knew that the Kaiser's diplomatic master stroke in smashing the *entente cordiale* and welding a solid alliance with England, left the way clear for the execution of Austro-German policies in the Balkans.

As the express hurried me toward Berlin, I reflected

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that since the Russian-Japanese War, Russia, weakened as she was, felt her influence in European affairs waning. I knew it was about time for her to make a desperate effort to regain European prestige. I recalled that upon Russia's plight after the Japanese war, Austria immediately annexed Herzegovina and Bosnia. She did this with the tacit understanding and backing up of Germany. I knew that as a result of this, Russia was again at work in the Balkans. Greeks, Servians, Bulgarians, and Montenegrins, up till now suicidal enemies, were arriving at an understanding. There are as many differences of nationalities, castes and opinions in the Balkans as there are in India and it took clever manipulation, much money, and strenuous efforts on the part of Russia to unite these countries under Russian influence. The visit of the Crown Prince of Serbia to Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, was engineered by Russia, and was a triumphant success in bringing about an understanding between Bulgaria and Serbia. It absolutely unified Serbia and Bulgaria. Why then the completely changed attitude of Serbia and Bulgaria after their mutual successes against the Turk? Presently I shall show you the vast undercurrent forces for ever moving beneath the Balkan situation.

I recalled having heard high Servian officials speculate as to their chances of reviving the ancient empire, so with the Bulgarians. After the reunion of Wallachia and Moldavia, I heard Roumanian officials express the wish to gain Dacia through the addition of Transylvania, Bukovina and the Banate of Temesvar. This longing can easily be understood when one remembers that each of these States maintains royal court legations and an army the quality of which in the case of the Allies has just been tested and shown in their splendid fighting and sacrifices, but which is all out of proportion to their individual sizes and resources.

I knew there were armies mobilising in the Balkans at a high mark of efficiency. They were equipped in a way totally beyond the means of such little countries. Who was supplying this driving force, the money,

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officers? They were but pawns, the Balkan States on an international chessboard.

Arriving in Berlin I made my way to my quarters in the Mittelstrasse. It was about eight o'clock when I put my key in the door. I found Kim very much awake and somewhat excited. At this unseemly hour there was a visitor! This was all the more unusual for I was not in the habit of receiving my most intimate friends or acquaintances at my private quarters.

"Koom, massal!" (Salute, master!) "Gentleman him here to see you. Kim him don't know if he do right, maybe wrong; but gentleman said it all right that him come in."

All apologies, Kim was fretting himself almost into a nervous collapse over the visitor. Rather curious, I walked into the sitting-room and found a man I had seen pretty often at the Wilhelmstrasse. I knew him to be Herr von Stammer, the right-hand man of von Wedel. Although we were well known to each other by sight, we hardly conversed ten words outside of official business. At the time I thought it a little odd that the usual procedure was not observed; that someone came to my room instead of my going to the Wilhelmstrasse, seemed a bit unusual. As things developed, however, I saw a possible reason why.

"Your quarters are pretty well guarded here, Doctor," said Herr von Stammer. "Your Cerberus didn't want to let me in."

I half smiled. I could imagine what a battle a stranger must have had to get by Kim.

"We received your wire from Albeck and as the Count is inaccessible, your orders will come through me this time."

There was an interruption for Kim had appeared with cigarettes.

"The Count," continued von Stammer, driving direct to the point, "wishes you to go to Belgrade and get in close touch with existing conditions there. We wish you to ascertain the undercurrent situation. The official status is, of course, well known to us. But we

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want definitely to find out just how far Russian influences are at work in Belgrade and Sofia, just how far they have progressed and how far they are prepared to go in this Balkan affair. If you cannot get in Belgrade the information wanted—and absolute accuracy is imperative—go to the Bulgarian capital. But—and this is important—no time must be lost. A definite insight into the inner workings of the situation must be in my hands at the earliest possible moment."

Here indeed was a task.

"Understand," continued von Stammer, "you will have the assistance in this case of Austrian Secret employees. But, as I need not point out to you, it is inadvisable to take any of them with you, as all the Austrian agents are known to the Russian agents down in the Balkans. I suggest that you stop at Budapest and get all connecting links of possible help to you. You will obtain these from Kasimir Kowalsky, an Austrian agent whom you will find at Donaustrasse 24. By the way, do you know him?"

I said no.

"In this case," went on von Stammer, "I shall give instructions to facilitate matters. It is necessary for you to have passports. Have you anything to apprehend from your previous mission to the Balkans?"

He referred to that incident in 1903, a week after the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia—an incident I don't like to think of, for it landed me on a blank wall looking into six ugly Mauser tubes, as you will recall from a previous chapter.

I considered that there were only two men in the Balkans who could have placed me from the 1903 incident. One, Colonel Nightsch, was dead, slain at the time of the Alexander assassination, the other was Stamboul and he was no doubt moving in the circles where my mission would take me. Were I to meet him it would mean recognition, a possible knife in the back. No, I was in no way keen to undertake this mission. My previous experience in the Balkans and all that ilk had given me a thorough distaste of the people there.

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There is no mixture of races so dangerous. Nearly every man is for a small sum a traitor and potential assassin. I had had a taste of their methods and I didn't want another. Von Stammer must have noticed my hesitation for he grinned and said:

"Nervous about it?"

I frankly was. I told him so.

"Yes, I understand your attitude." (I had been on the go for over five months solid and I wanted a rest.) "I beg of you to consider though that you are the only man we have at our disposal who can see this thing through."

He then began to hint in such a way that it became obvious to me that refusal on my part would not be at all to the liking of the Wilhelmstrasse. Refusal would mean loss of favour and with it the choice jobs. As an added inducement, von Stammer promised double the usual remuneration. Frankly this was a point. I considered that the mission would not take me over three or four weeks and he had agreed to pay me £500, aside from the bonus always attached to successful and quick work. Still, I wasn't sure that I wanted to go. I knew there was the danger of recognition, and I knew the kind of irresponsible, hot-headed, temperamental people I was going among. It was far more difficult, far more hazardous, than any mission ever I had undertaken, in England or France; even the tremendous responsibilities of the affair in the Taunus Forest carried with them none of the personal dangers that this did. When he pressed me for a decision I requested some little time to think things over. Asking me to telephone his home before midnight and let him know what I was going to do, he departed.

I hope I am still a Christian, but contact and intercourse with the mysticism of Africa and India has made me superstitious. I have a curious habit at momentous times of indecision of taking two full packs of cards and playing Napoleon's solitaire. If I get it out once in three times, I generally go into the matter in hand without question. It never has failed me. Twice in

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my life I went against it, twice I had bitter cause of regret

Well, I didn't give von Stammer his decision on the moment because I wanted to try the old test. Kim produced the cards and I began to play. I got it out the second time. Going to the 'phone I called von Stammer and told him I would undertake the mission. He asked me to come at once to his house, and there I received final instructions and passports, the latter essential south of the Austrian frontier.

At three o'clock in the morning I boarded the Orient Express via Vienna and made a stop of over a day at Budapest. I went immediately to Donaustrasse 24 and saw the Austrian agent Kowalsky. From him I gained points that were invaluable to me. For instance, he gave me the names of men who frequented certain places in Belgrade, men who would be of use to me. He also warned me of certain persons, especially women, whom he knew to be in Russian employ. That night I caught a train for Belgrade well satisfied with the results of my visit to Kowalsky.

Before dinner time the next day, I was installed at the Hotel de Paris in Belgrade. My rooms had been engaged for me beforehand, and they were the most expensive in the hotel—for a reason. I found myself in an elaborate suite on the first floor, known as the suite Des Princes. This was a necessary move of the parvenu, as money is the first and last word in the Balkans. Belgrade and everybody in it prides themselves on their up to date Parisian style. Everybody lives in the Parisian way. Army officers, whose pay is infinitesimal, all live like Russian Grand Dukes. How they are able to manage this on the official Servian army salaries of 2s 6d a day would naturally puzzle an outsider. The answer is, Russian gold. It buys anything and everything south of Budapest. It cannot buy in Montenegro where patriotism is supreme, nor can it buy what it wants among the Osmanli.

Through my lavish expenditure of money, I soon

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was a marked person and courted by all the gay officers of the capital. One of their number was a Major Gorski. A *bon vivant*, and gambler, Major Gorski, with the tastes of a Grand Duke. On a mission of this kind a secret agent always likes to find a man who is "fast." I knew the Major to be in the Russian pay. Kowalsky put me up to that. I knew that it was from him I could get everything I wanted, even though he was taking the Czar's gold.

Into the gay life of Belgrade I plunged a-hunting, the Major the quarry. I gave a series of dinners at the Hotel de Paris. After the dinners there was gambling. I always lost to the Major. He lost to others but I was careful never to win from him. He fell into the way of dropping around at my quarters. Like most of his set, the Major was a heavy drinker. When his face would become very flushed and his tongue very glib, I would try to draw things out of him, but I never could get anything worth while. The slightest suspicious question made him close up, as tight as an oyster.

I had seen him often in the company of a French lady, a Mlle. René Duval. It was obvious that she and the Major were on pretty good terms. Little incidents, things that happened in a room full of people, led me to guess that she was extremely fond of him. I made it my business to cultivate her acquaintance, for experience had often shown me that where gold and myself failed, a pair of flashing eyes and other felicities will often succeed. Like all the other women of that set in Belgrade, Mlle. Duval was woefully extravagant. She gambled heavily and one night I assisted her with a loan of 500 francs. I came to know her fairly well.

I had no previous indication of her being in any way connected with any foreign service. Indeed everything pointed to the contrary. But when on these missions, one is always on the *qui vive*. Mlle. Duval's French was perfect. She looked French, her

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mannerisms were French Still I wasn't satisfied In a case like this, it is wise to be suspicious of everyone I began to make the most delicate inquiries In conversation I tried to draw out little things I felt she was playing a role I used outside sources, but everything bore out the French origin Still I wasn't satisfied Subsequently my *quasi* suspicions proved to be correct

One night Mlle Duval gave a supper party in her apartments in the Hotel de Paris After the supper there was gambling among the guests Here in the privacy of her rooms was an opportunity to discover some little thing that would either confirm her French claims or confirm my suspicions I kept my eyes open, but they could find nothing that would show any connection with Russia That is, they found nothing until Mlle Duval got up from the table, went to her boudoir and returned nibbling on a piece of candy It was the candy that gave her away

I saw at once it was a particular brand of Russian candy quite distinct from similar confections in France and Turkey In reality they are natural flowers such as roses and violets with its fragrance and natural taste in a champagne coloured, crystal substance, the nature of which is a secret, made solely by Demitrof and Sons of Moscow, they are usually appreciated only by a born Moscovite The taste for them must be acquired Only a Russian or one who had for years lived in Russia would have it

Although Mlle Duval was personally unknown to me, five out of every ten of these women were invariably known to the Secret Service branch of the continental police My suspicions as to her were confirmed, it was an even chance that I might be able to place her I procured two snapshots of her and a specimen of her handwriting These I forwarded to the chief of the sections in Vienna and Berlin, with a request to wire any possible information about her Within forty eight hours I had a reply She was well known to the Austrian police as a one time keeper

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of a fashionable gambling resort in Galicia. She had left the country hurriedly after a stabbing affray. She was known in Cracow as Paula, and she was wanted by the police.

I engineered my next meeting with Mlle. Duval to be alone. After presenting her with a box of perfumes, I said abruptly:

"This is a change from Cracow, Paula."

It is always wise to smash right out, and not to put the other on guard through leading questions, and the trick had the desired effect. She recoiled. To your high Anglo-Saxon standards of chivalry, it may seem brutal to take advantage of a woman in this way, but it had to be done. Moreover, these women are absolutely conscienceless themselves.

"Grand Dieu! Who are you?"

"That does not concern you, *ma fille*; I know that and a good deal more. Austria would be very glad to know where you are. Shall I tell them?"

She had recovered to an extent.

"What is your price for not telling?"

I replied:

"Let Russia slip this once, gain me the information I seek and nothing further shall be said."

Her air of surprise was perfect.

"Russia? I know nothing at all about Russia."

I smiled, walked to her desk where there was a silver tray, and picked up a sugared rose.

"You're clever, Paula, but careless. Know nothing about Russia, yet have acquired a taste for the fine candies of the Moscovites? Remarkable, Paula."

She bit her lips.

"What do you want?"

"Now before we begin, Paula"—that name seemed to vex her—"let it be understood that there is to be no double dealing here. It would be an easy matter for you to have me legitimately assassinated."

She would do that in this way:

She would tell one of her many admirers that I had insulted her. One morning I would come downstairs

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to be slapped in the face before a hotel full of people, and what could I do? It would be a case of pistols and I would get a bullet

"Remember," I cautioned her, "if anything happens to me here—and if they in Vienna do not hear from me every six hours, on the seventh you will be arrested. You will be arrested on an Imperial Austrian warrant. Your friends in here, army officers though they are, will not dare to help you. Serbia will not take the chance of angering Austria by refusing to acknowledge the Imperial warrant. Remember, Paula, there is now an Austrian army on the Servian border."

The look she gave me was venomous.

"Now I'll tell you what I want," I continued. "Major Gorski is in the Russian pay. He has got the key to the Russian influence here. He knows just how far they are prepared to go. I want that key. You've got to get it. I have the Major pretty well sounded. Money would be very acceptable to him. He is half willing to sell out Russia, but he fears your supervision. I know that you were sent here by Russia, Paula, just to keep your eye on agents in Russian pay, principally on our friend Gorski. I know you have not the situation in hand like he has. If you had, I wouldn't bother going any further, I'd get it from you. Now your part is to give him to understand that he has nothing to fear from you. No lapse by him will be reported. You're rather fond of him already, aren't you? If you value his safety you'd better do as I ask. Otherwise I shall also let him go up. I hold something over his head too."

This last shot in the dark seemed to bear the most weight with her. She said

"What guarantee have I that you'll keep your side of the bargain?"

I said none, for the simple reason I couldn't give any.

"Your own sense," I explained, "and knowledge

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of the work you're doing should tell you that it is to my interest to get results, and not trouble about other things. I'll promise you, however, no further interference for this affair in Cracow. There will also be the price of a diamond collar in it for you." (I subsequently filed a requisition for £200 to be paid her, but I think she got more.) "You agree? Good!"

The agreement closed, I went back to the hotel well satisfied with the night's work.

Early the next morning a very perturbed Major Schuvealoff was shown into my chamber. I greeted him cordially and opened fire with the remark:

"I see Mlle. Duval has conferred with you."

He started.

"How did you know?"

"My dear Major, this early visit, your sobriety, your nervous manner are indications enough. My time is valuable, and although your petit Paris here is very entertaining, I prefer the Baltic seashore. If you have anything to say to me, say it quickly, and to the point. I leave this afternoon for Vienna. It may interest you to know that you are absolutely safe. I put no stop to your no doubt valuable service to your employer. In fact, it's no affair of mine what you do after I leave. But I want the whole of your knowledge of Russian activity here and in Roumania."

He replied:

"I know very little about Roumania."

I shook my head.

"This will not do, Major, you know about as much of Russian intrigues in Roumania as you do of them here. I want the whole or nothing. As Mlle. Duval—Paula—doubtless has told you, neither you nor she are in a position to hold back a single thing."

Without further attempt to bluff it out, he told me what I wanted. The gist of it was this:

With the aid of French money, Russia was heavily subsidising Bulgaria and Serbia against Turkey.

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Innumerable non commissioned Russian and French officers were pouring into Belgrade and Sofia. They were ready to take the field in the armies of the Allies. Most of the leading officers and men of affairs of the Allies were in the Russian pay. In fact, a systematic Russianisation was in progress. The armies of the Allies were being equipped with a new kind of French gun. Bulgarian and Servian troops were being paid by Russian and French gold. Obviously the menace of the Czar, abetted by France, was to be a tremendous factor in the situation. Russia was in so deep that there was no pulling out.

This, of course, had been suspected by the cabinets of Germany and Austria. But how far and how thorough the actuality was, I had been sent to find out. The results of my mission showed beyond all doubt the urgent need for Germany and Austria to begin their machinations to off set the rising power of Russia in the Balkans. I took the night's Orient Express for Berlin direct, and I made my report to von Stammer, as Wedel was still inaccessible, being away with the Kaiser.

At once Austria and Germany set about to smash the threatening predominance of Russian influence in the Balkans. A solid coalition of Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro with a Russian dominance would have played a solid factor in the policies of Germany, Austria and England. It would have interfered with the plans made for the isolation of France at that secret meeting in the Taunus Forest. This coalition had to be broken up. It was broken up.

At the crucial stage of the Balkan war, experts in Eastern questions turned curious eyes towards Roumania, the most advanced and the strongest of the Balkan States. The sway and influence behind Roumania controls the situation in the Balkans. Who is the Power holding this key to the situation? Germany and Austria. The appearance of an army on Roumania's south western frontier would have made

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a vast difference in the success of the Balkan arms against the Turk. This army, however, did not appear until the Allies had finished fighting Turkey and had begun to fight themselves. I shall show you why this army was withheld.

The ruling house in Roumania is closely allied and related to the house of Hohenzollern. I need only mention Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, and King Carol, both German by birth. The direct commercial relationship between Germany and Roumania is also very great. Roumania, of all the Balkan countries, has least felt the yoke of the Turk, and the intense hatred of the Turk rampant in the rest of the Balkan States is not characteristic of Carmen Sylva's domains. Russo-French machinations producing tangible results in Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and Albania, met with only indifferent success in Roumania. If Russian persuasion and gold could have induced Roumania to throw her armies into the field against the Turk, the map of the Balkans would show some mighty changes. A Roumanian army corps, menacing Turkey's north-western frontier during her struggle with the Balkan Allies, would certainly have seen the occupation of Constantinople by the allied forces. But those army corps were withheld through Austro-German influence and pressure on Roumania. Ready they were and they came in handy and were made use of by Germany and Austria in keeping Servia and Bulgaria in check. Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, staunchly believing Russia's promises in securing ratification of their successes and territory, found themselves left to their own resource, Russia being unable through force of circumstances to exert her pledged influence.

Humanity has been staggered by the results of the wars in the Balkans, but to those who were behind the scenes the results did not come as a surprise. Bulgaria alone had enough successes against the Turk to warrant great acquisitions of territory, so with her allies. Under ordinary circumstances there would

have been no return to the *status quo ante bellum*. Why this return?

When little countries, previously hereditary enemies, are welded together by an outside Power and the influence of this Power subsequently wanes, there is an inevitable outcome. The individual cupidity and jealousies will break forth, especially when judiciously fostered, as they were in this instance by the counter-influence of Germany and Austria. The result is well known. Servia was jealous of Bulgaria, Bulgaria was jealous of Servia, Greece was jealous of the lot, and Roumania, instigated by her wirepullers, would not permit any of them to have anything. But for sheer exhaustion and disgust and a stoppage of Franco Russian money we would have had one of the finest all round throat cutting competitions the world has ever seen. In the meantime, the mutual jealousy and inability to divide the spoil was beneficial to Turkey, who recovered Adrianople and a good part of Thrace.

That and the breaking up of any possible coalition or federation of Balkan States under Russian influence was just what the German Austrian Balkan policy demanded. A broken and prostrated Turkey, a united and strong central Balkan Federation able to put a million efficient fighters in the field probably under Russian sway, would make a vast difference to German aims and aspirations in central Europe. A million soldiers co operating with Russia would in the event of a European war take practically the whole of the Austrian forces, leaving Germany the sole care of the Russian battalions, which would mean quite half her available fighting force, weakening her operations by that half on her Franco and lowland border.

Dr Armgard Karl Graves is not known in the Balkans but among the gay extravagant army officers of Belgrade, "Count Arthur Zu Wernigrode" is

X

MY MISSION AND BETRAYAL IN ENGLAND

DURING 1911 my diplomatic missions piled one upon the other. Of recent years it was the most tempestuous in European cabinets. The drama that began with my mission to Monte Carlo and developed through the swift climaxes of the Moroccan affair, the secret conference between Germany, Austria and England in the Taunus Forest, *that rushed on through the intrigues that preceded the Balkan War*, had now lulled, gathering its forces perhaps for the final catastrophe—which may come this year—or next. To be sure the terms that the English, German and Austrian ministers had agreed upon in the Taunus Forest were now awaiting ratification by their respective governments. Bear this in mind—"were waiting ratification"—for it explains the mission that I was called upon to undertake on November 18, 1911.

I received the usual summons to report at the Wilhelmstrasse. Instead of being brought before Count von Wedel, I was taken over to Koenigergratzerstrasse 70, to the German Admiralty Intelligence Department. Here I met my old chief, Captain Tappken, head of the naval branch of the Intelligence Department. The Captain briefly informed me that it had been deemed advisable to send me to England—unwelcome news, this, as you will see. In the usual curt yet polite manner of German officers, the Captain introduced me to three naval experts. One was a construction officer, another in the signalling department, the third,

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an expert on explosives and mines. One at a time they took me in hand, grooming me in the intricacies of their respective fields. It was like a rehearsal in the grooming I had received years ago when taken into the Service and trained for months. I sat for hours over diagrams with a naval officer on each side. They brought me before charts that were as big as the wall of the room. These charts gave the exact dimensions and type of every vessel in the British navy. Not only that, I was made to study the silhouettes of all the new and different types of English warships—why you will see.

Obviously this special training was significant. Part of my mission to England was to watch the preparations and manœuvres of British warships at the naval bases on the Scottish coast.

As you may surmise, the situation between England and Germany was peculiar. The secret treaty of the Taunus Forest was awaiting ratification by the heads of the two governments. Of course the mass of subjects—indeed not ten men in each country—knew nothing of what had transpired near Schlangenbad. Politicians had worked up a war scare to such pitch that the people of the two nations were ready to rush into conflict. Only a spark was needed to fire the situation. Realising that under the menace of existing conditions the unforeseen might happen, the Kaiser was not lessening his secret diplomatic intrigues, rather he was increasing them. It is a fact that even though two nations have a secret treaty, they each remain suspicious of the other. After all, secret treaties have been ruthlessly torn up. The vigilance of European cabinets must be eternal.

Hence my mission. It was included in my instructions to watch the movements of British warships off the Scottish coast and promptly cable the German Admiralty Intelligence Department concerning them. This is where a study of the silhouette charts would be valuable. At night or in a fog or early in the morn-

would not be able to distinguish the British ships

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by name. But knowing the silhouettes of all the naval types—for example, certain kinds of dreadnoughts, powerful cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers—I would be able to tell what ships were putting to sea. When I had memorised all the charts, they covered the names of the battleships thereon and made me repeat the types. For instance, I would say, "That is a *Queen Mary* type of dreadnought. The other is of the *Ajax* type. That destroyer is of the *Viper* type." And so on. There are well-defined architectural lines to every group of ships in the British navy, and these silhouettes I learned to know by heart before I was permitted to leave Berlin.

Moreover, I had to brush up my topography and trigonometry. In England—so I learned from my instructions—it would be necessary to calculate distances, to take observations on the exact nature of the newly reconstructed Rosyth base near Edinburgh on the Firth of Forth; besides keeping in touch with things in Cromarty.

I was to watch especially the new Rosyth base and to report progress on armaments, new equipment, anything of use to the German Admiralty. I was to keep an eye on all the British fleet manœuvres then in progress on the Scottish coast. It must be understood that the bases at Rosyth and Cromarty were Great Britain's answer to Germany's powerful naval base at Heligoland. So far as Germany's northern coasts are concerned, the Scottish coast is the most convenient point of attack for Great Britain. Fearing the unforeseen spark firing the hostile minds of the people of the two nations, Germany was thus preparing to be instantly informed of any sudden demonstration by the English fleets off Scotland. Not a ship could leave either Rosyth or Cromarty without an immediate cable being sent by me to Berlin, reporting how many war vessels and of what type had put to sea, also if possible the reason for the movement.

At the Intelligence Department, I was given *carte blanche* as to how to go about my mission. I am fr

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to say I did not care at all for it. I had good reason to be wary. The suspicious state of England at the time, and a stringent law just passed, made this mission very dangerous as far as your liberty was concerned. There was no danger of a knife thrust as in the Balkans, but there was of jail. Contrary to all precepts of British law, there had been rushed through the House of Commons the Official Secrets Act, a clause so elastic and convenient for convictions that a judge could charge a jury to find a man guilty on suspicion only. As I recall it the gist of it was

"Any person or persons making or obtaining any document whatsoever, endangering or likely to endanger the safety of Great Britain, can be found guilty notwithstanding there being no consequent proof of any actual offence. A sentence of seven years' penal servitude will be given the offender."

It does not need a lawyer to point out the tremendous power of prosecution that this added clause to the statutes put in the hands of the English government. As I stated, it was rushed through the House of Commons, but it was necessary. One has to admit that to be fair. Within six months three German spies had been arrested in England. There was a plague of them. Knowing this and also knowing the general efficiency of England's public servants and system I was rather loath to stick my head into it. That penalty for being caught—seven years' penal servitude—loomed ominously, for penal servitude in England is plain hell. Also I knew that although no passports are required in England they still know pretty well what is going on, especially in regard to foreigners. It is easy to get into England, but deuced hard to get out. Also, knowing the secret understanding between the two governments, I had an uneasy premonition that everything was not quite right. Subsequent events proved to me that this feeling of mine, very seldom at fault, was correct.

However, strong pressure and great inducements were brought to bear on me and I undertook the

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topographical knowledge which could only be obtained through personal contact with men who actually knew every inch of the ground. The charts back in Berlin could not give me that exact information. The higher scientific data of the fortifications and the base I obtained by social intercourse with high-placed officials—officers and engineers at Rosyth—whom I entertained at various times.

The schooling I had received in the silhouettes presently came in handy. One night my friend, the bridge tender, learned that the fleet was getting up steam. Accordingly, I stood on the bridge that night and waited. At five o'clock in the morning, a gray, rainy, foggy morning, through which the ships moved almost ghostlike, I made out sixteen war vessels. From their silhouettes, I knew them to be dreadnoughts, cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers. At once I filed a cable by way of Brussels, informing the Intelligence Department of the German Navy that an English fleet sixteen strong had put to sea. Subsequently I learned that in describing the sixteen ships I had made only one mistake.

I may here draw attention and in return for England's fair treatment of me during my trial, give them gratis, this information. *The Firth of Forth Bridge constitutes a grave danger to the Rosyth royal naval base.*

For this reason: Its location between Rosyth and the sea is a decided menace. In the event of hostilities, in fact before the outbreak of war, it is no ways impossible to blow up the Firth of Forth Bridge and bottle all war vessels concentrated at the Rosyth base. They could thus be bottled up for several days powerless, while a foreign fleet swept at the Scottish coasts. The British foreign office will understand what I mean by this: *Look to the middle island.*

I found it to be partly intervened with soft, soapy gneiss, making natural ruts and cavities that were ideal for the placing of explosives. I learned also that along the Edinburgh approach to the Firth of Forth Bridge were two pieces of ground and houses in

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reality owned by Germans, although the deeds stood in Scottish names. Moreover, little fishing hamlets on either side of the bridge harboured more than one supposed Swedish fisherman, but who in reality had his name still on the German Naval register. In the event of trouble these men, using explosives stored in the two houses in question, could have blown the middle island to atoms.

After about three weeks I began to be suspicious of being followed. Arriving home one night I noticed that my dress suit was arranged in a different way to what I had left it. I called my landlady and casually inquired if my tailor had been there. She said, "No, Doctor."

"Well," I replied, "what reason have you then to re-arrange my clothes?"

Her face reddened and she seemed flustered.

"I wasn't in your room," she faltered. "I remember now. I believe the tailor was here. One of the servants let him in."

I have no reason to shield Mrs. Macleod, for with true Scottish thrift she got as much out of me as she could and then afterwards declared in court that she thought I was a German spy a fortnight after I had been in her house.

I made it my business to go around to my tailor's within an hour's time, and he contradicted her story. He had not been at the house. To completely verify my suspicions that I was being shadowed I went the next day into the "T and F," a well known caterer in Princes Street. In the writing room I wrote some letters, one of which I purposely dropped on the floor. I withdrew to the washroom and returning in about fifteen minutes noticed that the letter had disappeared. Making inquiries of the page and of the cashier I learned that a gentleman had quietly picked up the letter and without reading it had put it in his pocket and walked away. That settled it. They were after me.

I hope this particular detective or his superior could

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read Greek. For they, or whoever spent their time translating my letter, read an ancient Greek version of "Mary had a Little Lamb."

I recognised it as an occasion where I had to make a right royal bluff. I went at once to police headquarters in Edinburgh. I asked for Chief Constable Ross, and sent in my card bearing Dr. A. K. Graves Turo, S. Australia. Presently I was shown into the chief's room and was received by a typical Scottish gentleman. I opened fire in this way:

"Have you any reason to believe that I am a German spy?"

I saw that it had knocked him off his pins.

"Why, no," he said, startled. "I don't know anything at all about it."

"It's not by your orders then that I am followed?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Well, chief, it's hardly likely that anything of such importance would transpire without your notice."

"What reason have you to believe that you were followed?" he asked.

"Reason in plenty," I replied. "Some agent had even the audacity to enter my apartments and search my effects. This, as you know, is absolutely against English law, a warrant being necessary for such procedure. If you have any reason to take me to be a German spy, go right ahead now, or let these rather nonsensical persecutions cease. I have taken this up to now to be rather a good joke, but my sense of humour has its limit."

Chief Constable Ross became serious, and very bravely said:

"Well, Doctor, you know we've got to obey orders. I'm quite satisfied though that there has been a mistake made and you shall be annoyed no further."

He bowed me out. Of course I knew I still would be shadowed, which I did not mind in the least. I reasoned that my visit to the police might make them slow down a bit. Right along I communicated by cables and letter with Berlin and went the even tenor

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of my way About a week after my experience with Constable Ross, I received information that William Beardmore & Co., of Glasgow, were constructing some new fourteen inch guns for the British government That meant a change of base

I at once made it my business to go to Glasgow and get particulars I installed myself in the Central Station Hotel, and in a few weeks gained all the information I wanted It would take too long to detail how this was done, but you have a very expressive American saying, "money talks" I had the plans, firing systems, everything of interest about the new fourteen inch turret guns While in Glasgow I received letters addressed to me as James Stafford I received two such letters, and upon my calling at a General Post Office for a third, I was informed that there was a letter for A Stafford

"Oh yes, that is my letter," I said

The clerk demurred and replied

"You asked for James Stafford Under those circumstances I cannot hand you this letter It is against the postal regulations"

Not being in a position to raise a question, I let it go at that, never for a moment thinking that my employers would be so culpably careless as to put any incriminating evidence in the mail Events proved that that is just what they did Moreover, I later came to know why that particular letter was addressed not to James but to A Stafford All my previous letters were addressed to me as Dr A K Graves, and were enclosed in the business envelope of the well known chemical firm of Burroughs & Wellcome, Snow Hill, London, E C—which paper had been fabricated for the purpose Of course the letters were sent from the Continent to London and there re posted The stationery of this chemical firm was fabricated so as to disarm any possible suspicion, for European post offices are taught to be suspicious It would be perfectly natural for me, a physician in Edinburgh, to receive a letter from a well known chemical concern

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British law is one hundred and five calendar days, which hundred and five days up to the last minute I certainly waited. They were trying to find out my antecedents but they did not succeed.

A letter from the Lord Provost informed me that all material for my defence should be in his hands a day before the trial. I had no defence, I neither denied nor admitted anything. I replied to his Lordship that as I was unaware of any offence there was no need of any defence. My attitude was a profound puzzle—which was as I wanted.

If you care to look over the back files of the English and Scottish newspapers of the time, you will read that my trial was "the most sensational court procedure ever held in a Scottish court of justice."

Now I shall reveal every circumstance of it. For the first time I shall explain how, why, and by whom I was secretly released. Until I revealed myself in the United States, even the German Foreign Office thought me in jail.

Against me the Crown had summoned forty-five witnesses. They included admirals, colonels, captains, military and naval experts, post-office officials—I cannot recall all. The press from all parts of Europe—for all Europe was vitally concerned in this trial—was represented. My memory shows me again the crowds that packed the big supreme court building at Edinburgh on the first day of the proceedings. The imposing names connected with the trial, the strange circumstances, a spy, moreover a German! These things brought the excitement to fever heat.

Presiding was the Lord Justice of Scotland, himself no mean expert in military matters. The Solicitor-General of Scotland, Sir A. M. Anderson, who prosecuted for the Crown, was supported by G. Morton, Advocate-Deputy. The government had indeed an imposing array of bewigged, black-gowned, legal notables marshalled against me.

Those familiar with British court procedure know the impressive manner with which justice is dispensed.

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Punctually at ten on the morning of July 23, 1912, my trial opened. Clad in his royal red robe with the ermine collar of supreme justice, the Lord Justice entered the court. Before him walked a mace bearer, intoning "Gentlemen, the Lord Justice! Gentlemen, the Court!" After the impressive ceremonies had been observed the jury was quickly empanelled, I making several challenges. Twelve years in the Secret Service naturally has made me know something of men. I knew that those twelve hard headed cautious Scottish jurymen would demand pretty substantial proof before convicting. At the time I am frank to say that I did not think there was a chance of a verdict of guilty being brought in. The evidence against me was too vague.

Expressing astonishment at my refusal to accept counsel—which was subsequently forced on me—his Lordship promised to guard my interest on legal points, and guard it he did. Repeatedly he ruled against the Solicitor General and challenged him on more than one point. I am frank in my admiration of Scottish justice. My trial was a model of fairness.

On the first day I waived examination on all witnesses but the naval and military experts. I directed my fire against Rear Admiral T. B. Stratton Adair, who superintended the ordnance factories of the Beardmore Gun Works in Glasgow. The Admiral, a typical English gentleman of the naval officer type, long, lank with a rather ascetic, clear cut Roman head, not unlike Chamberlain in general appearance, even to the single eyeglass, did not make much of a showing as an expert witness for the prosecution. The Admiral was called in on testimony concerning the new fourteen inch gun. The point they were trying to establish was that it was impossible for a man to have my knowledge of these guns unless he had obtained it first hand from the works in Glasgow. Of course that brought the testimony into technicalities. I managed to involve the Admiral in a heated altercation on the trajectory and penetrating power of the so much disputed four

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teen-inch gun. One word led to another, and notwithstanding that he ranked at that time as a rear-admiral of the British Navy, it might have been thought that the Admiral did not know more than I did about his own guns. Backed into this corner he was about to divulge things in support of his knowledge when he recovered himself, pulled up suddenly and appealed to the court.

"Your Lordship, it is not to the interest of the British government to have any more questions on this point in open court."

I maintained that my knowledge of guns was such that I did not need to spy at Beardmore to obtain the things I knew. Subsequently after being cross-examined by me another of the government's naval experts told the court:

"It is quite possible for one with a ballistic knowledge such as the defendant's to be able with very little data to arrive at accurate conclusions regarding our new fourteen-inch guns."

The Admiral will no doubt be interested to hear that I was largely indebted for much of my information to certain musical-comedy ladies who were on friendly terms with members of his staff.

A note they found in my effects was introduced as evidence. It read as follows:

"The firm of William Beardmore and Co., Parkhead, Glasgow. B first orders F new 13.5 guns F, Navy. Length 51 feet, weight 73 tons. One foot longer than 12-inch, but 12 tons heavier. Weight of shot, 1,250 lb., 400 lb. more than the 12-inch gun."

When the first day of the trial ended everybody was positive that I should be acquitted of the charge of obtaining secret information about their guns. Of course all this information I had obtained.

On the recess I was pleasantly surprised when a court orderly brought me refreshments from the judge's own table with his Lordship's compliments.

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It struck me that I was being treated more like a guest than a prisoner

The second day of the trial brought the Burroughs & Wellcome letter into the testimony—the letter that had been refused me and had in turn gone back to the Chemical Company. Very gravely the Crown Prosecutor read the contents of this letter aloud. As I recall the exact wording it was

"DEAR SIR,—We are pleased to learn of your successful negotiation of the business at hand. Be pleased to send us an early sample. As regards the other matter in hand I do not know how useful it will be to us. In any case my firm is not willing to pay you more than 100 in this case."

It was unsigned.

While reading, Sir Anderson held the five ten pound notes in his hand. Upon finishing he began a vigorous indictment which in substance he declaimed in this way

"On the face of it, this letter does not seem suspicious. But, gentlemen, during the Jacobite insurrections you will remember that in communications of this sort a government was always referred to as a 'firm'. If this was an honest business letter why was it enclosed in the envelope stationery of a company that knew nothing about it? Why was this letter unsigned? Why was cash enclosed with it? What was his firm willing to pay £100 for? Gentlemen, the reasons for all these things are obvious."

But the letter puzzled not only the court, the jury, the newspapers but all England. For the first time I shall now explain it.

It was from the German government. By the "business at hand" they meant a new explosive and slow burning powder that was to be used in the new type of fourteen inch turret guns being made in Glasgow. Some of that explosive was in my posses-

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sion. The fact that it was not discovered in my effects, nor was anything else incriminating found on me, is because the secret agent who knows his business leaves nothing about, but "plants" things, that is to say, leaves them in a safe deposit vault with the key in the hands of a person with power of attorney.

By the "sample" in the letter was meant a sample of the explosive. The "other business at hand" was spoken of as of tremendous importance, more vital to the safeguards of Britain than the other points mentioned in the letter.

There were sub-agents working at Cromarty. I did not know who they were; they simply made their reports to me, signing their German Secret Service number. I took up their points with Berlin. Well, the "other business in hand" was to put a certain British navy officer under a monthly retaining fee of £100, for which in the event of war he was to commit an act of unspeakable treason and treachery on a certain harbour defence.

I had judged my jurymen right, for they were very little impressed by this letter. It was all too vague, and even the fluent language of a Crown Prosecutor does not impress a hard-headed Scotchman. I was feeling in high spirits indeed, when I saw one of the attendants approach Sir A. M. Anderson and deliver a document that had been handed into court. I at once recognised it and my heart dropped into my shoes. The Solicitor-General read the document and smiled. I knew they had me.

In addressing the court the Solicitor-General produced two pieces of thin paper—the same that had been brought in on the previous afternoon.

"I have got to show the court," he said impressively, "the most deadly code ever prepared against the safeguards of Great Britain."

And it certainly was. It contained the name of every vessel in the British Navy, every naval base, fortification and strategic point in Great Britain. There were over ten thousand names and opposite each

was written a number. For example, the dreadnought *Queen Mary* was number 813.

As I have confessed, I am superstitious. And have I not reason to be? It was the Burroughs & Wellcome letter that got me caught in the first place. And my secret code was written in a book issued for the use of physicians by Burroughs & Wellcome. Both times the B & W mark was upon me.

Using a magnifying glass I had written in tiny characters my code. There were so many names it was impossible to memorise them all. Two opposite sheets of the little memoranda book were used, then the edges of the pages were pasted together. Whenever I learned that British warships were going to put to sea, I slipped the book in my pocket, went to a position of vantage where I could make out the silhouettes of the warships, classified them in my mind and then writing out a cable put down the code numbers, say in this way:

214, 69, 700, 910, 21—(necessary words were filled in by the A B C code)

This message was sent by way of Brussels or Paris to the Intelligence Department of the German Admiralty in Berlin and told them what warships were putting to sea or arriving at Rosyth. The code contained such phrases as this:

"Current rumours" "Incoming" "Outgoing"
 "Clearing for action" "Have lowered defending
 nets" "Land fortifications are manned" "Pro-
 tective manœuvres are being carried out at sea"
 "Coal being carried by rail" "Remarkable influx of
 Reservists" "Mine fields being laid" "All is
 quiet, nothing important to report" "Liners are
 appearing"

The accidental finding of this code, of course, settled all further argument. I called no witness for the defence except two or three personal acquaintances to each of whom I put this question:

"What is your knowledge of my attitude as regards England?"

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They all declared that even if I was the spy in the pay of any foreign government I certainly had never shown any personal feeling or animosity towards Great Britain.

All of which I figured might aid the cause of clemency. The jury was not out more than half an hour. I was found guilty of endangering the safeguards of the British Empire, and under the new law that had been aimed against German spies I was liable to seven years' penal servitude. Even then my spirits were not down. I had what Americans call "a lunch."

Just before his Lordship, the Chief Justice, summed up, an aristocratic, gray-elad Englishman, who never had been in the court-room before, appeared, and was courteously, almost impressively, conducted to the bench. I noticed that the Chief Justice bowed to him with unction, and they had about two minutes' whispered conversation. His Lordship was nodding repeatedly. This worried me. I felt I was going to get it hot.

But, in substance, his Lordship's verdict was: "Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the court pronounces a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment."

I smiled and said:

"Exit Armgaard Karl Graves."

A murmur of astonishment was audible. Everybody in court was surprised. I heard gasps all around me, especially among the foreign newspaper reporters. With everybody expecting seven years of penal servitude, eighteen months of plain imprisonment was a bombshell. Why?

I was taken first to Calton Hill Jail, Edinburgh, and transferred after two weeks to Barlinnie Prison near Glasgow. Considering the circumstances, I was treated with surprising consideration. The conditions that had characterised my trial prevailed in the prison. I soon perceived that the Barlinnie Prison officials were trying to sound me in a canny Scotch way—with no result.

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"You're foolish to stay in here—— You must have something worth while—— Why don't you get out?"

That was the gist of their talks with me from the warders up I kept my mouth shut

Now I shall present information that was denied the House of Commons upon the occasion of an inquiry into my case

On the fifth week of my imprisonment I was taken to the office of the Governor of the prison As I entered I saw a slight, soldierly looking English gentleman of the cavalry type—(a cavalry officer has certain mannerisms that invariably give him away to one who knows) The Governor spoke first

"Graves, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you"

The stranger nodded to the Governor and said

"I may be some time You have your instructions"

"That's all right, sir," replied the Governor

The Governor left and we were alone The stranger rose

"My name is Robinson, Doctor Please take a seat"

Of course, being a prisoner, I had remained standing Robinson began some casual conversation

"How are they treating you?"

"I have no complaints to make"

"Is the confinement irksome to you?"

"Naturally" I looked him straight in the face

"I am a philosopher Kismet, Captain"

"Oh—ho" he exclaimed "You address me as Captain Wherefore this knowledge? We have never met"

"No," I replied "But I have associated too long with various types of army officers not to be able to detect a British cavalry officer Formerly of an Hussar regiment, I take it?"

He laughed for some time He continued feeling his way in this manner Then suddenly he changed front Point blank he asked me

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"Now, old chap, we know that you worked for Germany against us. We also know that you are not a German. Is there any reason why you should not work for us? Any private reason?"

"Captain," I said, "you of all men ought to know that the betrayal of your employers for liberty or a monetary reason alone is never entertained by a man who has been in my work. We go into it with our eyes open, well knowing the consequences if we are caught. We do not squeal if we are hurt."

For a time he looked at me very earnestly.

"H'm," he said. "That just bears out what we have been able to ascertain about you. It puzzled us how a man of your known ability acted the way you did. From the moment you landed in England, all the time you were doing your work, even after your arrest, in prison and in court, you showed a sort of listless, almost an indifferent attitude. If I may put it this way, you seemed in no ways keen to go to extremes in any possible missions you might have had." He paused. "We think you could have done more than you did. . . . The mildness of your sentence, has it surprised you?"

I grinned.

"Nothing surprises me, Captain."

His manner became very earnest.

"Supposing," he said, "we show you that it was a quasi-deliberate intention on the part of your employers to have you caught—what then?"

This did not startle me either. I had an idea of that all along. It is why I played my cards so quietly, why I did not accomplish in England everything I had a chance to accomplish. I did not grin this time.

"Under those circumstances," I said, "I am open to negotiations. But I am rather deaf and my vision is very much obscured as long as I see bars in front of my window."

The Captain smiled:

"Well, Doctor, I may see you again soon."

"Captain, I have not the slightest doubt but that

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you will. But let it be understood, please, that it's a waste of time as long as I am behind bars."

"Leave that to me," he said, and we shook hands.

I was taken back to my cell. I am frank to admit that I didn't sleep much for the next two or three nights. All through my trial and in Barlinney I had been playing a part. When the occasion demanded I could be as cool as I was with Captain Robinson. But that was a strain and it took it out of me. During these following days I was nervous, I had insomnia, I paced my cell at night. The feeling of a jail is cold and thick.

But as I expected, another week brought Captain Robinson again. This time it was late in the evening, after all the prisons were shut up tight. The Lieutenant Governor himself took me into the Governor's office. No other warder or prison official observed us.

"Well, Doctor," was the way Robinson greeted me, "I have something definite to propose to you. You can be of use to us. You have still sixteen months of your sentence to serve. Are you willing to give these sixteen months of your time to us—terms to be agreed upon later? I am prepared to supply you with proofs that you were deliberately put away, betrayed by your employers, the German government."

He did so to my complete satisfaction. As I guessed, I had come to learn so much of Germany's affairs that I was dangerous. To betray me in such a way that I would not suspect and squeal was a clever way to close my mouth for seven years in jail or until the Taunus Forest plans had matured.

"How would you suggest that we go about it?" he asked.

"To be of the slightest degree of use to you nobody must know of my release," I added. "Here is my suggestion. I must leave the execution of it to you. The impression I conveyed around Edinburgh was that my health is rather indifferent. So it is also believed here in the prison. On those grounds it should be an easy matter for you to have me ostensibly transferred

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to another prison; instead of which, have me taken wherever you wish to. I see no necessity that outside the Lieutenant-Governor, the Governor and yourself, anyone need know of it.

"Yes, yes," said Robinson. "That coincides with my own ideas and plans." Presently he departed and I went back again to my cell.

At half-past five the next morning, I was aroused by the Lieutenant-Governor. He was alone. There were no warders in sight. In the Governor's office I found all my clothes and effects ready and laid out for me. Then I dressed and left with the Lieutenant-Governor. We took a taxicab for the Caledonian Station in Glasgow. Few people were abroad in Glasgow at that time of day, and there was no danger of recognition. The trip to London was uneventful. At Euston Station we were met by Captain Robinson. We went into a private waiting-room where Captain Robinson signed a paper for the Lieutenant-Governor. It was what amounted to a receipt for the prison's delivery of me into his hands. Then the Lieutenant-Governor left us; then Robinson left, after handing over an envelope containing cash and instructions.

I was alone and free. I could then and there have disappeared. Obviously the English government trusted me fully.

My first move was to register at the Russell Hotel. Opening the envelope in my rooms, I found it contained ten pounds and the following instructions:-

"Telephone at 10.30 to-morrow morning, this number Mayfair——"

I telephoned the Mayfair number and was told to hold the wire. Then Captain Robinson got on the 'phone and told me to meet him at luncheon at one o'clock at Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square. There another gentleman joined us—a Mr. Morgan, whom I easily judged and afterwards knew to be of the English Secret Service. Presently Morgan told me

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that I was to drive with Captain Robinson to Downing Street that afternoon

"One of our ministers wishes to see you," he explained

We drove to Downing Street, Captain Robinson and I After we had signed the book that all visitors to "Downing Street" must sign, I was ushered into an anteroom and Robinson took his leave My name appears on this book as Trenton Snell, and if the English government challenges a statement that I shall subsequently make, let them produce the "Downing Street" book for the date I shall mention, let them have a handwriting expert compare the name "Trenton Snell" with my handwriting

I make this statement, for what followed is of tremendous importance

After a twenty minute wait, which impressed me as being different from the slam in and slam out methods of the Wilhelmstrasse, I was shown up a flight of stairs The attendant knocked on the door, opened it and announced "The gentleman"

I was facing Sir Edward Grey

He was seated behind a big green covered mahogany desk I noticed that the room seemed like a private library, books, memorandas letters and dispatch cases littered not only the desk but the tables and chairs The eye was struck by a huge piece of furniture, a tall leather covered easy chair I present these details for obvious reasons

Sir Edward, looking small in the big armchair, was seated with his legs crossed He was reading some document and without a sign of recognition he kept me standing there, it must have been ten minutes I noticed that he glanced at me now and then above the top of the paper Abruptly he told me to take a seat When I said that I preferred to stand he nodded and pulling open a drawer took from it a folder that, as subsequent events verified I suspected to be a report on me There was another period during which he seemed to be unaware of my presence, and I took

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advantage of it to size up my man. He impressed me as being one of those intolerable, typically English icicles, which only that nation seems able to produce in her public servants. Presumably through a century-long contact with the races of the East, the English diplomat of the Sir Edward Grey type presents the bland, imperturbable, non-committal, almost inane expression of the Oriental that hardly gives one any criterion of the tremendous power of perception and concentration beneath the mask.

After twirling his glasses, he said:

"I presume you are familiar with Germany's naval activity."

"Up to a certain point, sir."

"What point?" he asked quickly.

"I am familiar only with the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty," I replied.

"Their system?" he asked. "Is it so extensive and efficient as we have been led to believe?"

"That cannot be exaggerated."

At this Sir Edward began to throw out innuendoes to which I replied in like vein. The interview was not progressing. Finally, he came out with what was in his mind.

"Do you know if any officials or naval officers are selling or negotiating to sell information to Foreign Intelligence Departments?"

Although he had not said English officers or officials, I knew what he meant, but I made up my mind not to tell everything I knew.

"There are such," I replied.

It had the effect of making him look at me in a most startled manner.

"How do you know that? On what grounds do you make that assertion?" His agitation was ill-concealed.

"I have no specific proof," I replied—which I had—but from information that has been gained, from plans that have been secured—plans like those of your dreadnoughts *Queen Mary* and *Ajax*—it is obvious

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that these things have been done with the co operation of high officials of your country ”

He pressed me for further details, but I withheld them. I could have told him a pretty story about the plans of the *Queen Mary* and *Ajax*. He fell to studying a rather voluminous report, then he began anew with his innuendoes. I guessed what was coming. Although his speech was more prolonged than I shall now present it, this is the gist of what he asked.

“ Were you ever present at conferences attended by high officials? Were you, for instance, at the Schlangbad meeting? Have you any data? Any documentary evidence of having been there? ”

I was not a bit startled. I had guessed it would be that. His very question showed that it was useless for me to deny that I had been at the Taunus Forest conference. Possibly one of his colleagues, recalling my meeting him during the Boer War, had dropped a word about this coincidence to his Lordship. Naturally, I told him I possessed no such data. Still, I did not like the trend of his talk. I began to suspect that this British Minister was doing one of two things. Either he did not know everything about the Taunus Forest meeting—not at all improbable with the conditions existing in England’s cabinet at that time—or else he wanted to learn if I knew the tenor of that conference. In either case it was one of those occasions where I deemed it wise to keep my own counsel.

After many searching questions upon the French system and her army and navy, he began to try to lead me to make comparisons between their strength and England’s, these being based upon my personal observations. This, and the whole trend of his thought, led me to suspect that Sir Edward Grey was in no ways sure in his own mind or favourable to the German-English alliance. With men like his Lordship, personal antipathy plays a powerful part in such matters.

He then began to try to make me divulge the con-

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tents of any personal dispatches I had carried for the German Emperor, but in this he did not succeed.

A few days later I received definite instructions from Captain Robinson. I was to go on my first mission in the interests of the British Secret Service, and subsequently another mission brought me to New York, where I resigned from the Service permanently.

XI

"THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE"

THE numerical strength, disposition and efficiency of the German army are more or less well known. The brain and all prevailing power controlling its fighting force of four and a half million men—or taking the Triple Alliance into consideration—the forces of which would in the event of war be controlled from Berlin—a force in round numbers of 9,000,000 men—is, however, not known. Here for the first time is published an account of the inside workings of the German War Machine as far as is possible for any one man to give. Through my intimate connections with the German and other Secret Service systems, through constant contact with prominent army and navy officers, I had special facilities, of which I availed myself to the full, to gain the inside knowledge which I here commit to paper.

The most efficient and elaborate system ever devised by the ingenuity of man, used not only for war and destruction but as an intelligence clearing house for the whole of the Empire, is the German War Machine. Conceived by General Stein in the days of the Napoleonic wars, added to and elaborated by successive administrations, solely under the control of the ruling house, its efficiency, perfect and smooth working is due to the total absence of political machinations or preferences. Brains, ability, and thorough scientific knowledge are the only passports for entrance in the Grosser General Stab, the General Staff of the German Empire. You will find blooded young officers and

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gray-haired generals past active efficiency, experts ranking from an ordinary mechanic to the highest engineering expert, all working harmoniously together with one end in view, the acme of efficiency. Controlled and directed by the War Lord in person through the Chef des Grossen General Stabs—at present General Field Marshal von Heeringen, this immense machine, the pulsing brain of a fighting force of four and a half million men, is composed of from 180 to 200 officials.

At the Peace of Tilsit, after the crushing defeat of the Prussian armies at Prussian Eylau and Friedland, Bonaparte had Prussia and the whole of Central Europe at his mercy. Contrary to the advice of his generals, especially the succinct advice of his often unheeded mentor Talleyrand, to completely disintegrate Prussia, Napoleon through his fondness for pretty women let himself be tricked by Louise of Prussia. The interesting historical story of this incident may be apropos here, showing how the world's history can be changed through a kiss. At the Peace Conference in Tilsit, Napoleon, on the verge of disintegrating Prussia, met the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia. Through her pleadings and the imprint of Napoleon's kiss on her classic arm, Bonaparte granted Prussia the right to maintain a standing army of 12,000 men. That in itself did not mean much, but it gave able and shrewd Prussian patriots the opportunity to circumvent and hoodwink Bonaparte's policy.

Prussia has always been fortunate in producing able men at the most needed moments. A man arose with a gift for military organisation. He had every province, district, town, and village in Prussia carefully scheduled, and the able-bodied men thereof put on record. He selected the 12,000 men permitted Prussia under the Napoleonic decree and drilled them. No sooner were those men drilled than they were dismissed and another 12,000 called in. From this point date—modern conscription—the father of which was General Stein—and this also inaugurated the birth of the War Machine. In the three years Prussia had 180,000 well-

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drilled men and 120,000 reserves, quite a different proposition from the 12,000 men Napoleon thought he had to face on his retreat from Moscow, and which played a decisive factor in the overthrow of the dictator of Europe

Through the wars of 1864 and 1866 to 1870, the Franco Prussian War, the War Machine of Prussia was merged into that of the German Empire and is a record of increasing efforts, entailing unbelievable hard work and a compilation of the minutest details. The modern system of organisation, especially the mobilisation schedules, are Helmuth von Moltke's, the “Grosse Schweiger,” the Great Silent, the strategist of the 1871 campaign

It is curious that there is a great similarity between the late Moltke and Heeringen. They have the same aquiline features, tall, thin, dried up body, the same taciturn disposition, even to their hobbies—Moltke being an incessant chess player, Heeringen using every one of his spare moments to play with lead soldiers. He is reputed to have an army of 30,000 lead soldiers with which he plays the moment he opens his eyes—much in the same manner as Moltke, who used to request his chess board the first thing in the morning. In military circles Heeringen is looked upon with the same respect and accredited with quite as much strategical knowledge as Moltke was. It is a significant fact that, whenever there is any tension in Europe, especially between Germany and France, General von Heeringen or his comrade in arms, General von Thulsen Haeseler—also a great strategist and iron disciplinarian, immediately takes command of Metz, the most important base and military post in the Emperor's domain

There is no man alive who knows one half as much about the strategical position of Metz and the surrounding country as General von Heeringen. Often on stormy, bitter cold winter nights, sentries on outposts stationed and guarding the approaches of Metz are startled to find a gaunt, limping figure, covered in

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a gray army greatcoat with no distinguishing marks, stalking along. Accompanied by orderlies carrying camp stools and table, night glasses and electric torches, halting repeatedly, hidden men taking down in writing the short, croaking sentences escaping between the thin compressed lips, the "Geist of Metz" prowls round measuring every foot of ground fifty miles east, west, north, and south of his beloved Metz. The steel-tipped arrow ever pointing at the heart of France is safe in the hands of such guardians.

The visible head of this vast organisation is called Der Grosse General Stab, with headquarters in Berlin. Each army corps has a "kleine General Stab" who sends its most able officers to Berlin. These officers, in conjunction with the most able scientists, engineers, and architects the Empire can produce, compose the Great General Staff. The virtual head is the German Emperor. The actual executive is called "Chef des Grossen General Stabs."

There is a small, dingy, unpretentious room in the General Staff Building where at moments of stress and tension or international complications, assemble five men. His Majesty, at the head of the table; to the right the Chief of the General Staff; to the left his Minister of War; then the Minister of Railways, and the Chief of the Admiralty Staff. You will notice the total absence of the Ministers of Finance and Diplomacy. When those five men meet the influence of diplomatic and financial affairs has ceased. They are there to act. The scratching of the Emperor's pen in that room means war, the setting in motion of a fighting force of 5,000,000 men.

Here is another instance:

When the feeling and stress over the Moroccan question was at its height General von Heeringen on leaving his quarters for his usual drive in the Thiergarten was eagerly questioned by a score of officers, awaiting his exit.

"Excellency! Geht's los?" ("Do we begin?")

Grimly smiling, returning their salutes and with-

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out pause limping to his waiting carriage, came his answer

“ Sieben Buchstaben, meine Herren! ” (“ Seven letters, gentlemen! ”)

In Germany military parlance this means the Emperor's signature, Wilhelm II, to the mobilisation orders

In order to give the reader a fairly correct view of this mighty organisation, I have to explain each group separately. The whole system rests on the question of mobilisation, meaning the ability to arm, transport, clothe, and feed a fighting force of four and one half million men, in the shortest possible time, on any given point in either eastern or western Europe. For let it be clearly understood that the main point of the training of the German armies is the readiness to launch the entire fighting force like a thunderbolt on any given point of the compass. Germany knows through past experience the advisability and necessity of conducting war in an enemy's country. The German army is built for aggression. There are four main groups

- 1 Organisation
- 2 Transport
- 3 Supply
- 4 Intelligence

Each of these groups is, of course, subdivided into numerous branches which we shall go into under each individual head

ORGANISATION

First comes organisation. The German army is composed of three distinct parts: the standing army, the reserves, and Landwehr.

The standing army comprises 790,000 officers and men. This body of men is ready at an instant. It is the reserves who need an elaborate system of mobilisation. The reserves are divided into two classes, first and second reserves. So is the Landwehr, having two levies—the first and second *Aufgebot*. Every able-

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bodied man on reaching the age of twenty-one can be called upon to serve the colours. One in five only is taken, as there is more material than the country needs—the fifth being selected for one of five branches: infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineer corps, or the navy. The time of service in the infantry is two years; in the cavalry three, in the artillery three, in the engineer corps two, and in the navy three. Well-conducted men get from two to four months of their time remitted. This is by no means a charity on the part of the authorities, but a well-thrashed and deep-laid scheme to circumvent the Reichstag, as it gives the Emperor another 75,000 men. A certain class of men passing an examination called *Einjähriges Zeugnis* or possessing a diploma called *Abiturienten Examen* (the equivalent of a B.A.) serve only one year in each branch. This class provides most of the reserve officers. The active officers, usually the scions of an aristocratic house or the sons of the old military or feudal families in Germany, are mostly educated in one of the state *Kadetten-Anstalten*, military academies, of which *Gross-Lichterfelde bei Berlin* is the most famous. The real backbone and stiffening of the German army and navy is the non-commissioned officer recruited from the rank and file. In fact, this body of men is the mainstay of the thrones in the German Empire, especially of Prussia. These men, after about twelve years of service in an army where discipline, obedience, and efficiency are the first and last word, are then drafted into all the minor administrative offices of the state, such as minor railway, post, excise, municipal, and police. The reader will see the significance of this when it is pointed out that not only the Empire but the War Machine has these well-trained men at its beck and call. The same thing applies to the drafting of officers to most of the highest administrative positions in the state.

There are twenty-five army corps all placed in strategic position. The strongest is in Alsace-Lorraine and along the Rhine; the second in importance garrison-

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ing the Prussian Russian border. The whole country is subdivided into Bezirke commandos (district posts) whose business is to have on record not only every able bodied man—reservists—but every motor, horse, and vehicle available, also food and coal supply—in fact, everything likely to be wanted or useful to the army. Every German reservist, or otherwise, knows the reporting place of his district and has to report there when notified within twenty four hours. The penalties for non compliance are high even in peace times. In the event of war or martial law they are absolutely stringent. The commandos are so placed that they could forward their drafts of men and material to their provincial concentration points at the quickest possible notice. These provincial concentration points, being railway centres, are so located that the masses of men and materials pouring in from all sides can be handled and sent in the required direction without any congestion. How this is done I shall explain when I come to transportation. In each of those district commandos are depots, Montirungs Kammern (arsenals) where a full equipment for each individual on the roll is kept. The marvellous quickness with which a civilian is transferred into a fully equipped military unit must be seen to be believed, and is only made possible through systematic training and constant manœuvres. These manœuvres are costly but have long been recognised in German military circles as essential in training the units and familiarising the commanders with the handling of enormous masses of men. In the last Kaiser manœuvres over half a million men were concentrated and massed, in fact, shuttlecocked from one end of the Empire to the other without a hitch.

The control of the army in peace or in war lies with the Emperor. He is the sole arbiter and head. No political or social body of men has any control in army matters. No political jealousies would be permitted. Obedience and efficiency are demanded. Mutual jealousies and political tricks such as we have seen in the Russian campaign in the East and lately in France

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are impossible in the German system, for the Emperor would break instantly, in fact has done so, any general guilty of even the faintest indication of such an offence. And there is no appeal to a Congress, a Chamber of Deputies, or political organ against the Emperor's decision.

Last but not least, under the heading of the organisation comes the financial aspect. Out of the five milliards of francs, the war indemnity paid by France to Germany in 1871, 200,000,000 marks in gold coin, mostly French, were put away as the nucleus of a ready war chest. In a little mediaeval-looking watch tower, the Julius Thurm near Spandau, lies this ever-increasing driving force of the mightiest war engine the world has ever seen—ever increasing, for quietly and unobtrusively 6,000,000 marks in newly minted gold coins are taken year by year and added to the store. On the first of October each year since 1871, three ammunition wagons full of bright and glittering twenty-mark pieces clatter over the drawbridge, and these pieces are stored away in the steel-plate subterranean chambers of the Julius Thurm, ready at an instant's notice to furnish the sinews to the man wielding this force. This is a tremendous power in itself, for there are now close to 500,000,000 marks (£25,000,000) in minted gold coinage in storage there. This provides the necessary funds for the German army for ten calendar months. The authorities have no necessity to ask the country, warring politicians—in this instance the Reichstag—for money to start a campaign. They have got it ready to hand. Once war declared and started, if needed they'll get the rest.

This money is under the sole control of military authorities. It has often been declared a myth. I know it to be a fact. Notwithstanding the financial straits Germany has gone through at times or may go through, this money will never be touched. It is there for one purpose only and that purpose is war. Needless to say, it is amply guarded. Triple posts in this garrison town, devices to flood instantly the whole

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under fifteen feet of water from the River Havel, are but items in the system of protection. Twice a year the Emperor in person, or his heir apparent, personally inspects his war chest. Mechanical balanced devices are employed* to check the correct weight. It is a marvellously simple mechanism by means of which in less than two hours the whole of this vast hoard of gold can be accurately checked and the absence of a single gold piece detected.

TRANSPORT

One of the most important parts of the organisation is the question of transportation. Hannibal's campaigns against Scipio and Napoleon's central European wars owed their success in a great measure, if not wholly, to their quickness of motion. This applies about tenfold in modern warfare. In actual armament the leading Powers in Europe are practically on a par. The personnel, as regards personal courage, stamina, *flair*, or whatever you wish to call it, is fairly equal also. There is little difference in the individual prowess of French, Russian, English, and German soldiers. This is well known to military experts. The difference is mainly a question of discipline, technique, and preparedness, the main factor being, as indicated, the ability to throw the greater number of troops in the shortest possible time against the enemy at any given point, without exhausting man and beast unnecessarily, and enervating the country to be traversed. It is therefore necessary to have numerous arteries of traffic at disposal. This will lead us later to the question of victualisation, Germany following closely one of Moltke's axioms: "March separately, but fight conjointly."

Only in a country where all railroads, highways, and waterways, and where post and telegraph are owned and controlled by the state, is it possible to evolve and perfect a system of transportation such as is at the disposal of the German General Staff. Every mile of

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German railroads, especially the ones built within the last twenty years, has been constructed mainly for strategical reasons. Taking Berlin as the centre you will find on looking at a German, more especially a Prussian, railroad map, close similarity to a spider's web. From Berlin you will see trunk lines extending in an almost direct route to her French and Russian frontiers. Not single or double, but treble and quadruple lines of steel converging with other strategic lines at certain points such as Magdeburg, Hanover, Nordhausen, Kassel, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Cologne, or Strassburg—to name but a few. Places such as enumerated are invariably provincial commandos, having garrisons, arsenals, and depots on a large scale.

The capacity of the railroad yards for handling large bodies of men and vast amounts of goods swiftly is judiciously studied. At any given time, especially at tense political moments, at every large strategical railway centre in Germany there are a certain number of trucks and engines kept for military purposes only—sometimes, as in the Rhine division during the acute period of the Morocco question, with steam up.

As previously related, 90 per cent. of all the railway officials are ex-soldiers. Five minutes after the signing of the mobilisation orders by the Emperor, the whole of the railway system would be under direct military control. Specially trained transportation and railway experts on the General Staff would take over the direction of affairs. Besides this, there exists in the German standing army a number of Eisenbahn Regiment (railway corps)—all trained railroad builders and mechanics. Elaborate time-tables and transportation cards are in readiness to be put into operation on the instant of mobilisation, superseding the civil time-tables of peace. Theoretically and practically the schedules are tested twice a year during the big manoeuvres.

The same applies to the waterways and highroads of the Empire. A keen observer will often wonder at the broadness, solidness, and excellent state of repair

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of the chaussees and country roads, out of all proportion to the little traffic passing along. They are simply strategical arteries kept up by the state for military purposes. The heads of the transportation and railway corps in Berlin sit before the huge glass covered tables where the whole of the German railway system to its minutest detail is shown in relief, and they by pressing various single buttons can conduct an endless chain of trains to any given point of the Empire.

To show the accurate workings of this system I shall relate an incident. During the Kaiser manœuvres in West Prussia a few years ago I happened to be at headquarters in Berlin delivering some plans and records of the English Midland Railway system, when a General Staff officer entered the signal hall and made inquiries as to the whereabouts of a certain train having a regiment on board destined to a certain part of the manœuvre field. One of the operators, through the simple manipulation of some ivory keys, in the short space of two and a half minutes (as I was keenly interested, I timed it) could show the exact spot of the train between two stations, the train being over 310 miles distant from Berlin.

As every class A1 vessel in the merchant marine of Germany, especially the passenger boats of the big steamship lines, can be pressed into government service, so can all motor vehicles, taxis, and trucks owned either privately or by corporations be called upon if considered necessary. Through this vast and far reaching system of transportation Germany is enabled to throw a million fully equipped men on to either of her frontiers within forty eight hours. She can double this host in sixty hours more.

SUPPLY

Napoleon's dictum that an army marches on its stomach is as true to day as it was then, adequate provisions for man and beast being the most important factor in military science. The economic feeding of

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three-quarters of a million men in peace time is work enough. It becomes a serious problem in the event of war, especially to a country like Germany, which is somewhat dependent on outside sources for the feeding of her millions. The authorities, quite aware of a possible blockading and consequent stoppage of imports, have made preparations with their usual thorough German completeness. At any given time there is sufficient foodstuff for man and beast stored in state storehouses and the large private concerns to feed the entire German army for twelve months. This might seem inadequate, but is not so, the authorities being well aware that war in Europe at the present time could and would not last longer than such a period.

Once a year these storehouses are overhauled and perishable or deteriorating provisions replaced. Tens of thousands of tins of foodstuffs, especially fodder, are sold far below their usual market prices to the poorer classes, notably farmers. Likewise the material used by the army is as far as possible supplied by the farmer direct. The total absence of bloated, pudgy-fingered army contractors in Germany is pleasant to the eyes of those who know the conditions in some other countries I could mention.

Besides, the whole of the German fighting machine is so organised that in all probability decisive battles would be fought in the enemy's country, in which case the onus of feeding the troops would fall on the enemy, called in military parlance "requisitioning and commandeering." In this, German, and especially Prussian, quartermasters are in no way behind their English confrères, of whose activity in the Boer War I know from personal experience.

To give but another instance of the scientific thoroughness in detail, take a single food preparation—the Erbswurst (pea-meal sausage), a preparation of peas, meal, bacon, salt and seasoning, compressed in a dry state into air, and water-tight tubes in the form of a sausage, each weighing a quarter of a pound. Highly

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nutritious, light in weight, practically indestructible, wholesome, this is easily prepared into a palatable meal with the simple addition of hot water. Of this preparation huge quantities are always kept in stock for the army.

INTELLIGENCE

Without doubt the most important division of the General Staff and upon whose information and efforts the whole machine luges is the Intelligence Department—really covering many different fields—for instance, general science, especially strategy, topography, ballistics, but mainly the procuring of information, data, plans, maps, etc., kept more or less secret by other Powers. In this division the brightest young officers and general officials are found. The training and knowledge required of the men in this service are exacting to a degree. It requires in most cases the undivided attention—often a life study—to a single subject.

It has been the unswerving policy of the Prussian military authorities to know as much of the rest of the European countries as they know of their own. In the war of 1870-71, German commanders down to a lieutenant leading a small detachment had accurate information, charts and data of every province in France, giving them more accurate knowledge of a foreign country than that country had of itself. It is a notorious fact that, after the defeat of the French armies at Weissenburg and Worth, and later at Metz, the French commanders and officers lost valuable time and strategical positions through sheer ignorance of their own country. This is impossible under the Prussian system. To-day there is not a country in Europe but of which there are the most elaborate charts and maps, topographically exact to the minutest detail docketed in the archives of the General Staff. This applies as a rule to the General Staff of most nations, but not to such pamstaking details.

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While undergoing instructions in the Admiral Stab in the Koenigergratzerstrasse 70, previous to my being sent on an English mission, a controversy arose between my instructor and myself as to the distance between two towns on the Lincolnshire coast.- He pushed a button and requested the answering orderly to bring map 64 and the officer in charge. With the usual promptness both map and officer appeared. The officer, who could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, discussed with me in fluent colloquial English the whole of this section of Lincolnshire. Not a hummock, road, road-house, even to farmers' residences and blacksmith's shop, of which he did not have exact knowledge. I expressed astonishment at this most unusual acquaintance with the locality, and suggested that he must have spent considerable time in residence there. Conceive my astonishment when informed that he had never been out of Germany and the only voyage ever taken by him led him as far as Heligoland. Subsequently through careful inquiries and research—my work bringing me into constant contact with the various divisions—I found that the whole of England, France and Russia was carefully cut into sections, each of those sections being in charge of two officers and a secretary whose duty it was to acquaint and make themselves perfectly familiar with everything in that particular locality. Through the far-reaching system of espionage, the latest and most up-to-date information is always forthcoming, and time and again I myself, often returning from a mission like one of those to the naval base in Scotland, have sat by the hour verbally amplifying my previous reports.

A part of the intelligence system is the personality squad, whose duty it is to acquaint themselves with the personality of every army and navy officer of the leading Powers. I have seen reports as to the environments, habits, hobbies, and general proclivities of men such as Admiral Fisher, commanding the Channel Squadron of the British Navy, down to Colonel.

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Ribault, in charge of a battery in Toulouse. To military or naval officers and men of affairs, the reason and benefit of such a system are obvious. The general reader, however, may not quite see the point. The position of a commander in the field is analogous to the executive head of a big selling concern. A semi-personal knowledge of the foibles and characteristics of his customers without doubt gives him an advantage over a rival concern, neglecting the personal equation being really more important than is generally understood. This has long been recognised and fully taken advantage of by the German Army authorities.

AËRIAL

Within the last few years an entirely new and according to German ideas most important factor has entered and disturbed the relative military power of European nations. This is the aerial weapon.

Since the days of Otto Lilienthal and his glider it has been the policy of Germany to keep track of all inventions likely to be embodied and made use of in the War Machine. It is a far cry from Lilienthal's glider to the last word in aerial construction such as the mysterious Zeppelin Parseval sky monster that, carrying a complement of twenty five men and twelve tons of explosives, sailed across the North Sea, circled over London, and returned to Germany. Lilienthal's glider kept aloft four minutes, but this new dreadnought of Germany's flying navy was aloft ninety six hours, maintaining a speed of thirty-eight miles an hour, this even in the face of a storm pressure of almost eighty metres. Such feats as these are significant. They are at the same time the outcome and the cause for the development of this part of the War Machine.

It is my purpose here to tell you how far Germany has advanced and progressed in this struggle for mastery of the sky. I shall disclose facts about her system that have never appeared in print—that have

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never been heard in conversation. They are known only to the General Staff at Berlin, not even in the cabinets of Europe.

Germany without doubt has the most up-to-date aerial fleet in the world. The Budget of the Reichstag of 1908-1909 allows and provides for the building and maintenance of twelve dirigibles of Zeppelin type. As far as the knowledge of the rest of the world is concerned this is all the sky navy that Germany possesses. It is a fact, though, that she has three times the number which she officially acknowledges.

The dirigible balloon centres in Germany are five and they are situated at vitally strategic points. There are two on the French border, one on the Russian border, one on the Atlantic Coast, and a central station near Berlin. The exact places are Strassburg, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Posen, Wilhelmshafen, and Berlin. This does not include the marvellous station at Heligoland in the North Sea, this being a strategic point in relation to Great Britain. Nothing is known about this Heligoland station. No one but those on official business are permitted within a thousand yards of it. I shall tell things concerning it.

Besides these purely military posts, there are a number of commercial stations necessary as depots of the regular transportation aerial lines that operate for the convenience of the public. Like Germany's commercial steamers, however, they are controlled and subsidised by the government. At a few hours' notice they can be converted and made use of for government purposes. Taking these transportation lines into consideration, it is safe to state that by summer of the present year Germany could send fifty huge airships to war.

It may be a puzzle to you why, in the face of disasters and accidents to these Zeppelins, Germany is spending about £1,000,000 on her aerial fleet. Now we come to a very significant point. I know and certain members of the German General Staff know, as well as trusted men in the aerial corps, that there are

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two conditions under which airships are operated in Germany. One is the ordinary more or less well known system which characterises the operation of all the passenger lines now in service in the Empire. It is the system under which all the disasters that appear in the newspapers occur. Airships that are used in the general army flights and manoeuvres are also run under the same system as the passenger dirigibles—for a reason.

The other system is an absolute secret of the German General Staff. It is not used in the general manoeuvres, only in specific cases, and these always secretly. It has been proved to be effective in eliminating 75 per cent of the accidents which have characterised all of Germany's adventures in dirigibles and heavier than air machines. These statistics are known only by the German General Staff office.

Let us go into this further. Critics of the German dirigible who foolishly rate the French aeroplane superior point out that the Zeppelins have three serious defects—bulk and heaviness of structure, inflammability of the gas that floats them, and inability to store enough gas to stay in the air the desirable length of time without coming down. The secret devices of the German War Office have eliminated all the objectionable features. They have overcome the condition of bulk and heaviness of structure by their government chemists devising the formula of a material that is lighter than aluminium, yet which possesses all of that metal's density and which has also the flexibility of steel. Airships not among the twelve that Germany admits officially are made of this material. Its formula is a government secret and England or France would give thousands of pounds to possess it.

The objection of inflammability of the lifting power has also been overcome. The power of the ordinary hydrogen gas in all its various forms has been multiplied threefold by a new dioxygen gas discovered at the Spandau government chemical laboratory. This gas has also the enormous advantage of being absolutely non inflammable. I have seen experiments made with

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it. It cannot be used for illuminating purposes. Dirigibles that are equipped with it are not liable to the awful explosions that have characterised flights under the ordinary system. Another enormous advantage is that the gas has a liquid form. To produce the gas it is only necessary to let the ordinary atmosphere come in contact with the liquid. Carried in cylinders two feet long and with a diameter of six inches, it is obvious that enough of this liquid can be carried aboard the big war dirigibles to permit their refilling in mid-air. So, you see, all the objections to the commonly known system of operation have been overcome by the War Office.

The last dirigible tried by the War Office in 1912, the mysterious Zeppelin X, made a continuous trip from Stettin over the Baltic to Upsala in Sweden, thence across the Baltic again to Riga in the Gulf of Finland, where it doubled and sailed back to Stettin. This was a journey of 976 miles. The airship had a complement of twenty-five men and five tons of dead weight. It travelled under severe weather conditions, the month being March, and snow-storms, hail and rain occurring throughout the voyage. The significance of this flight can be easily understood if you consider the distance from Strassburg or Disseldorf to Paris or other strategic points to France is approximately 298 miles. A ship like the Zeppelin X could sail over the French border, dynamite the fortifications around Paris and return, the journey being roughly 900 miles—76 miles less than the actual trip made by the Zeppelin X. Moreover, the German military trials have shown the possibility of an aerial fleet leaving their home ports and cruising to foreign lands and returning without the necessity of landing to replenish their gas tanks or fuel.

Let me show you how the German aerial corps is made up. It is called the Luftschiffer Abteilung and is composed of ten battalions, each consisting of 350 men. They are all trained absolutely for this branch of the service. Only the smartest mechanics and artificers are selected. In the higher branches the most intelligent

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and bravest officers hold command. Considering the usual pay in continental armies, the wages of the men in the General aerial corps are exceptionally high. In fact they are the highest paid in the German army. They are not ordinary enlisted men, meaning that they serve only their two years' time. Most of them have agreed to serve a lengthy term. Married men are not encouraged to enroll in this branch of the service. It is obvious from the nature of the work that the hazards are often great. The wonderful system of the German War Machine has been installed with rare detail in the aerial corps. The equipment of the different stations is really marvellous, for everything human ingenuity has been able to devise concerning the dirigible you will find in application. Each station is fully equipped and is an absolutely independent centre in itself. Take the base at Heligoland. It is the newest and the one that is always cloaked with secrecy.

At the extreme eastern corner of the island of Heligoland one sees, amid the sandy dunes, three vast oblong, iron gray structures. At a distance they are not unlike overgrown gasometers. I say at a distance, for it is impossible for any visitor to get within a thousand yards of the station. The solitary approach is guarded by a triple post of the marine guard. If you walk toward the station before you come within a hundred yards of the guard you will find large signs setting forth in unmistakable and terse language that dire and swift penalties follow any further exploration in that direction. Not only English but German visitors to Heligoland have found out through their course that even the slightest infringement of the rules of these signs is dangerous. I shall, however, take you a little closer.

Walking on until you are within fifty yards of the great balloon sheds you pause before a tall fence of barbed wire, this connected with an elaborate alarm-bell system that sounds in the two guard houses. For instance, if an enterprising secret agent of France were to try to steal up on the station, if he came by night

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and cut through the barbed wire, a series of bells would immediately sound the general alarm. Having passed through the six strands of barbed wire a tall octagonal tower meets the eye. In this tower are installed two powerful searchlights as well as a complete wireless outfit. All the Zeppelins carry wireless. By means of elaborate reflectors, it is possible with the searchlights to flood the whole place with daylight in the middle of the night. Thus ascensions can be made safely at any hour of the twenty-four. The three oblong sheds stand in a row, the middle being the largest, having spaces for two complete dirigibles, while the other sheds house but one each. They are about 800 feet long, 200 feet broad and 120 feet high. The whole structure itself can be shifted to about an angle of forty degrees, this being worked on a plan similar to the railroad engine turn-table. The reason for it is that with the veering of the wind the sheds are turned so that the doors will be placed advantageously for the removal of the airship from its place of shelter.

The whole layout and the vast area of space show that it is the government's intention to still further increase the plant. In fact, on my last visit to Heligoland—and it was more than two years ago—I saw the evidence of another shed about to be built. At the station is the most efficient meteorological department of all the stations. The most up-to-date and sensitive instruments connected with this science are there in duplicates, and the highest experts such as only Germany can produce are in charge of the department.

When I was at Heligoland I noticed a vast difference in the strength of the fortifications compared to what they had been. They used to be tremendous, but since the addition of the naval base they have become secondary. Half the soldiers on duty there have been transferred elsewhere; so with the big guns. There is no longer any need for them. As I stated, I saw a fourth big balloon shed in the course of construction. I have not been on the island for two years. Nobody has been near the extreme eastern end except those

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closely identified with the service. Considering that Germany has not built more than one extra shed, that means five dirigibles, and there is nothing on earth that could stand up against them. Heligoland does not need forts any more. The new forts float in the sky and can rain death.

Heligoland has always been a sore spot of British diplomacy. Originally England owned the island, now it is a menace to England. When Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister of England, he conceived what he believed to be a shrewd diplomatic move. He offered Bismarck the island of Heligoland in exchange for some East African concessions. Heligoland is now the key and guard of Germany's main artery of commerce, being the key to Hamburg. With the dirigible station of Heligoland to guard her, Hamburg is impregnable, and on England's northern coast they have a way of looking out across the North Sea with troubled eyes, for who knows when those monstrous cartridge-shaped monsters will rise into the air and sweep over the sea? Stranger things have happened, even though the countries have their secret diplomatic understandings.

Let us consider one of these new war monsters, the latest and most powerful, the X 15. The latest Zeppelins, charged with the newly discovered dioxygenous gas, giving these sky battleships triple lifting capacity, the perfecting of the Diesel motor, giving enormous consumption (fifty of these Diesel engines, their workings secret to the German government, are stored under guard at the big navy yards at Wilhelmshafen and Kiel, ready to be installed at the break of war into submarines and dirigibles), have given the German type of aircraft an importance undreamed of and unsuspected by the rest of the world.

The operating sphere of the new balloons has extended from 100 to 1,200-1,400 kilometres. Secret trial trips of a fully equipped Zeppelin like X 15, carrying a crew of twenty-four men, six quick firing guns, seven tons of explosive, have extended from

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Stettin, over the Baltic, over Svendborg in Sweden, re-crossing the Baltic and landing at Swinemunde with enough gas, fuel, and provisions left to keep aloft another thirty-six hours. The distance all told covered on one of these trips was 1,180 kilometres. This fact speaks for itself. The return distance from Heligoland to London, or any midland towns in England, corresponds with the mileage covered on recent trips. In the event of hostilities between England and Germany, this statement needs no explanation. That is why I mentioned that the latter-day Zeppelins were a powerful factor in bringing about an amiable understanding between those two powerful countries. For neither the historic wooden walls of Nelson's day nor the steel plates of her modern navy could help England or any other nation against the inroads of the monsters of the air.

The capacity of seven tons of explosive does not exhaust the resources of this type of weapon. I have it on good authority that the new Zeppelins can carry double that quantity of explosive if necessary. As the size of these vessels increases, so does the ratio of their carrying capacity.

Picture the havoc a dozen such vultures could create attacking a city like London or Paris. Present-day defence against these ships is totally inadequate. In attacking large places, the Zeppelins would rise to a height of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet, at which distance these huge cigar-shaped engines of death, 700 feet long, would appear the size of a football, and no bigger. I know that Zeppelins have successfully sailed aloft at an altitude of 10,000 feet. Picture them at that elevation, everybody aboard in warm, comfortable quarters, ready to drop explosives to the ground. The half-informed man—and there appear to be many such in European cabinets, which recalls the proverb about a little knowledge being a dangerous thing—likes to say that a flock of aeroplanes can put a dirigible out of business. Consider now an aeroplane at an elevation of 6,000 feet, and remember that the new Zeppelins

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have gone thousands of feet higher. An aviator at 6 000 feet is so cold that he is practically useless for anything but guiding his machine. How in the world is he or his seat mate going to do harm to a big craft the size of the Zeppelin that is far above him? An aviator who has ever gone up, say 8 000 feet, will tell you when he comes down what a harrowing experience he has had. What good can be an individual, exposed to the temperature and the elements at such an altitude, in doing harm to the calm, comfortable gentleman in the heated compartments of the Zeppelin? *Quatsch!* which is a German army term for piffle!

At 8 000 feet the small target a Zeppelin affords would move at a rate of speed of from thirty five to sixty miles an hour. The possible chances of being hit by terrestrial gunfire are infinitesimally small. This does not take into account the vast opportunities that a dirigible has for night attacks or the possibility of hiding among the clouds. The X 15 sailing over London, could drop explosives down and create terrible havoc. They don't have to aim. They are not like aviators trying to drop a bomb on the deck of a warship. They simply dump overboard some of the new explosive of the German government, these new chemicals having the property of setting on fire any thing that they hit, and they sail on. They do not have to worry about hitting the mark. Consider the size of their target. They are simply throwing some thing at the City of London. If they do not hit Buckingham Palace they are apt to hit Knightsbridge. And remember that whatever one of the new German explosives strikes, conflagration begins.

Aeroplanes biplanes monoplanes, and the other innumerable host of small craft so often quoted as a possible counter defence against the Zeppelin, are overrated and are in any case theoretical. The German authorities have made vast and exhaustive trials in these matters. The strenuous efforts on the part of this Empire to increase its dirigible fleet is to my way of thinking answer enough. The German General

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Staff at Berlin tries out more thoroughly than any nation in the world every new device of warfare. They have tried the aeroplane and the dirigible. I have heard the leading experts and aviators who have been assigned to both types agreeing that the Zeppelins of the X 15 type have nothing to fear from any present-day flying machine—and that is good enough for me.

XII

ARMING FOR PEACE OR WAR

THE map of Europe is certain to undergo some very decided changes within the next decade, very possibly in less time. Social and economic conditions, let alone the paramount political ambitions of the individual rulers, must bring about a decided alteration in state boundaries in Central Europe. This will be accomplished either with or without war—with bloodshed most likely. History and human propensities have shown the inability to settle any vital points by peaceful arbitration, and the more one comes in contact with the forces obvious and otherwise, directing human affairs, the more one learns the rather disheartening fact that the millennium is as far off as ever. The prophecies of the old Biblical prophets about wars and rumours of wars are as pertinent to day as before the advent of Christ. The methods may have changed since the conception of the Christian religion, but the results will be attained now as ever by the right of a mighty sword arm.

The most virile and aggressive Power in the centre of Europe is Germany proper—this term of Germany including the whole of the Teutonic races, such as the German speaking portion of Austria, Holland, Switzerland and in all probability the Scandinavian branches of the Teutonic clan meaning Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Social and commercial aims and aspirations in Sweden, Norway and Denmark independent as they are and probably always will be, still show a decided trend to Central Germanic cohesion. The whole of

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Europe is roughly divided into three dominant races—the Teutonic, the Latin and the Slavonic. The Teutonic has Anglo-Saxon, Germanic and Norse sub-divisions. The Latin has the French, Italian and Spanish nations; and the Slavonic comprises the Slav races with their innumerable sub-divisions such as Moscovite, Czech, Pole, Croat, Serb, Bulgar, etc. These three groups are distinctly different in habits, thoughts, manners and ambitions. Through race and religion they are also deeply antagonistic by reason of its higher commercial development (I do not say education and art, music or literature, for there your Latin or Slav excels); the Teutonic races have outstripped the other two. Commercialism means consolidation and concentration, and since the Napoleonic wars the Germanic races—at the beginning slowly but within the last twenty-five years rapidly—have drawn together at an astonishing pace. In countries such as Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland, each possessing their own petty machinery of expensive government, existent only through the mutual jealousies of their bigger neighbours, there has grown up a decidedly incorporating spirit. Notwithstanding the natural disinclination of the ruling factions of that country, the general mass of the people are by no means averse to become members of a vast central European Empire, the unswerving ambition of the house of the Hohenzollerns.

Since the days when the Counts of Nuremburg became electors of Brandenburg, from the grosse Kurfurst, Frederick the Great, to the present Emperor, the House of Hohenzollern has shown itself to be the most virile dynasty in modern history. Not always clever, they possessed the rare faculty of finding, developing and using men having the necessary ability to execute their current policies.

In thoroughly feudal and aristocratic countries such as comprise Central Europe, especially Germany, decided, unswerving aims are necessary. If these policies are conducted in a clear, level-headed manner,

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* judiciously developing the wealth and culture of the general masses, the stability of such a government or throne is well nigh unshakable

It has often been spoken and written that in countries such as Germany and Austria, Socialism, to quote but one of the numerous 'isms,' has undermined existing governmental powers. To a close student, these assertions are absolutely wrong. Teutonic Germanic races have ever been given to deeply analytical, philosophical studies, criticising and dissecting the policies of their rulers. But underlying you will find a deeply practical sense and appreciation of material benefits. The German Socialist is in fact a practical dreamer, quite in contrast to his mercurial effervescent Latin prototype. The rulers of Germany have learned the lesson that the stability of a throne rests on the welfare of her people, and everyone must admit that they have succeeded in this respect better than any other dynasty known to history. Germany without doubt is the most uniformly prosperous and civilised country in the world. And therein lies the danger, as no sane and prosperous business can afford to stand still. Neither can a solvent virile nation, such as Germany, mark time. For this reason. Two things must happen in the near future. Germany must expand peacefully in Europe, to the north east and west, or there will be war. The reasons for this I gave in the chapter on 'The Balkan Country.'

And that the chances of peaceful and really sensible adjustment are thoroughly discounted among German men of affairs, must be pretty obvious to the careful reader. An intensely practical and saving people such as the Germans would not spend billions in money, a vast amount of time and labour, in perfecting and keeping up a fighting machine without being thoroughly convinced of the necessity of this investment. Strong, wealthy and powerful as Germany is to day, the strain is tremendous, and for this reason alone existing political and geographical conditions in Europe must undergo a decided change.

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These changes are bound to occur, but it is hard to set a correct time. It may be to-morrow; it certainly will not be more than a decade hence. The death of the Emperor Francis Joseph will precipitate it at once—and he is old and feeble.

Secondly, the Church. The mainstay of the Catholic Church rests with the Austrian monarchy and with the death of the old Emperor, they would—in fact have to—look to some other country and ruler for protection. There is no Catholic ruler in a Catholic country to-day able to support and protect the dignity of the Church. The German Emperor is a Protestant monarch, but he is first and last a Christian, and thanks to his usual keen and far-sighted policy, backed up by strong spiritual convictions, religious dissensions are almost unknown in his Empire. The Catholic religion enjoys in no country, save the United States and British Empire, more real freedom from persecution than it does in Germany. And the Emperor's personal standing with the Vatican is excellent. I need only remind the reader of his perennial visits to the King of Italy, when he never fails to visit the Vatican, paying his respects as the ruler of twenty-seven millions of Catholics, if you please, to the keeper of Peter's keys.

In the course of my work, I have met eminent dignitaries and princes of the Catholic Church who freely expressed their willingness to support the Emperor's general policy.

THE BUFFER STATE OF THE NORTH

As Germany has provided herself with a buffer state and ally in Southern Europe, meaning Turkey, so she has cleverly succeeded in creating a similar condition in the extreme north of Europe. Sweden and Norway, at no time friendly to the Moscovite—you need only recall the days of Charles XII—have within the last few years developed a strong martial feeling against Russian aggression. Both countries are intensely patriotic and independent and would not on any account

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tolerate incorporation Germany does not want Norway and Sweden and Scandinavia knows that They also know that Russia, having a free hand does want them Hence they are looking towards Germany to keep a national independence With German help, Sweden and Norway could maintain, transport and place three-quarters of a million of first class fighting men in the field, and that at strategical and crucial points of the Russian Empire

The personal domination of the House of Hohenzollern, even outside political matters, is tremendous, by virtue of great wealth and marriages—the Emperor's sons having married the most wealthy princesses in Europe—besides the privately invested fortunes of the Emperor, giving him a tremendous influence in commercial affairs

[NOTE.—This book was written some months before the war broke out

The author (who is at present in New York) has written a concluding chapter which had not arrived at the time of putting this book to press It may be included in the next edition

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